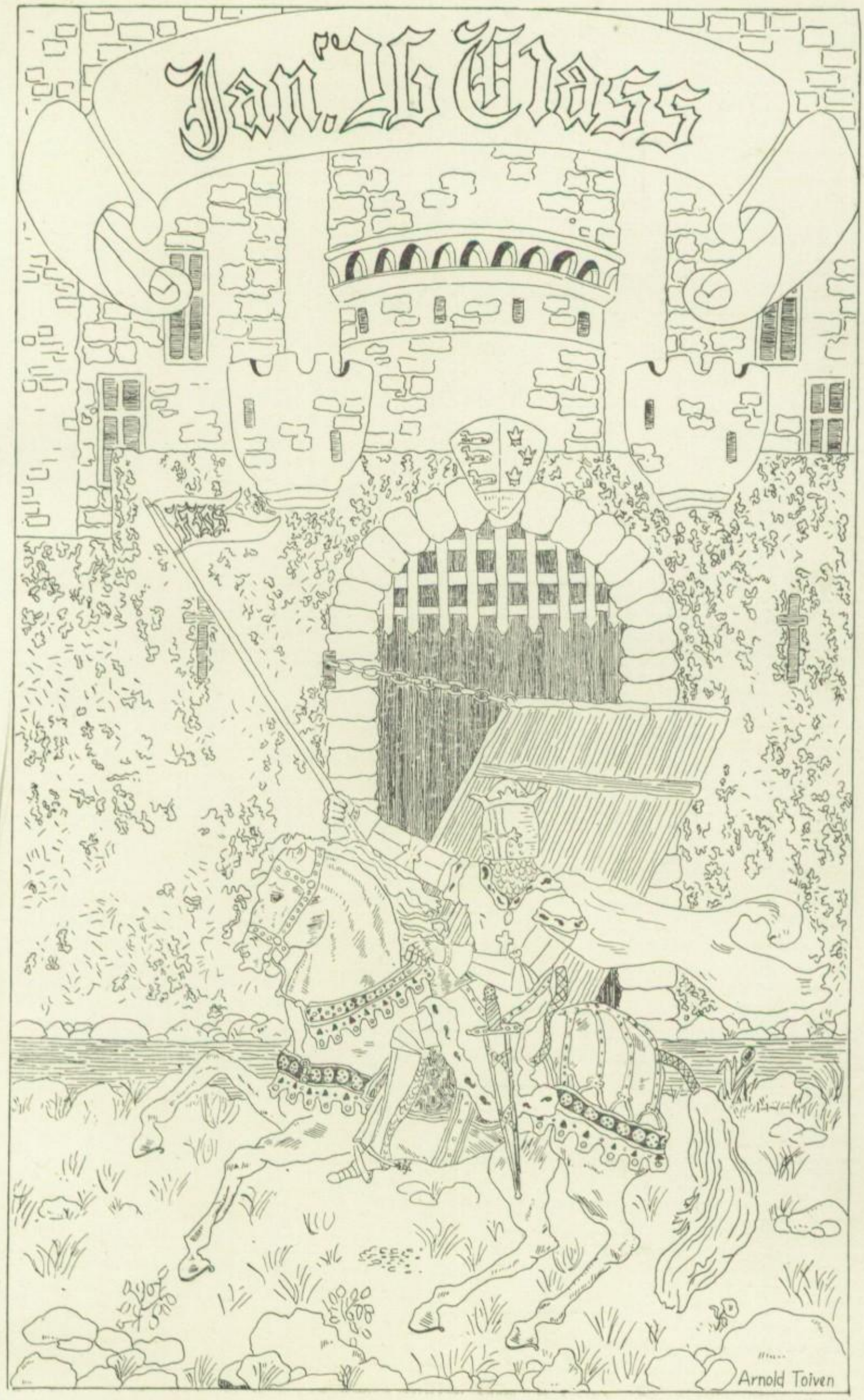
The POST

JAN. '26 CLASS


Jan. 26 Glass
Arnold Toiven

Ex Libris
This Book Belongs
To – Emma Ehnsen
A. Toiven

THE POST

January
1926

A SEMI-ANNUAL PUBLICATION
OF
THE GRADUATING CLASS
OF
FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL

IT is our purpose in this issue of The Post to show the reader not only the activities and achievements of our school, but also the very heart of it, and to create in him a deeper love and a more genuine reverence for

Franklin High School.

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†‡†

DEDICATION

TO Chivalry, the spirit of courtesy, brotherly love and general good-will, we dedicate this January '26 Post.

†††

"I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honor his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity."

King Arthur in Guinevere, By Tennyson.

Appreciation

AS we look back over our work in publishing this year book and think of the many favors and kindnesses which have been given us, we realize that we are deeply indebted to many. In recognition of these, we now express our appreciation:

To Curtis and Cameron, publishers, for their kindness in allowing us to use reproductions of the Holy Grail pictures.

To our advisers, Miss Smith, Miss Richards, Miss Fields, Miss Monroe and Mr. Eckhardt, who have worked with us unceasingly to produce a book worthy of Franklin High School.

To our advertisers, without whom The Post would have been impossible.

To Miss Foster and all her assistants, especially Arnold Toiven, Glen Daugherty, Ruth Kinderman, June Jacobson, Eleanor Hutchinson, Gilbert Taylor, Clifford Joy, Marjorie Lane, Marion Jameson, Ruth Shimp, Kenneth Wilson, Dorothy Goddard, Doris Miller, Albert Edmeades, Colleen Malone, Fern McChesney, May Leitch, Katherine Reif, and Edwin Honsinger, who have produced some of the best art work that has ever enriched a high school annual.

To the Commercial Department, especially Omega McBee, Margaret Chirgwin, Mary Orlando, and Ruth Isham.

To our trusty salesmen, the room-representatives.

To every member of the Franklin faculty and student body who have by their subscriptions and contributions aided in the publication of this issue of The Post.

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HESTINE HOLLISTER
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LILLIE **L**INDER
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Optimistic Marmel

WALLACE McKENZIE
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OLIVE McLAIN
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JEANNE MAROHN
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ECHO **M**AULE
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JEAN **N**ESBITT
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CARA **O**LSEN
Cheerfully Optimistic

VICTOR **O**SGOOD
aliant pponent

FAYE **O**SWALD
riendly pinionated

ESTHER **P**EDERSEN
ver leasant

LEE **P**OWELL
ively erson

DONALD **P**RATT
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JANE **P**RICE
oyful ersonality

JOSEPHINE PRICE
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Truly Resolute

IRVEN ROSS
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Clever Scorer

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ELOISE SCHADE
Entirely Satisfactory

NICK SCKAVONE
Never Serious

MILDRED SHIELDS
Most Sympathetic

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Diligently Studious

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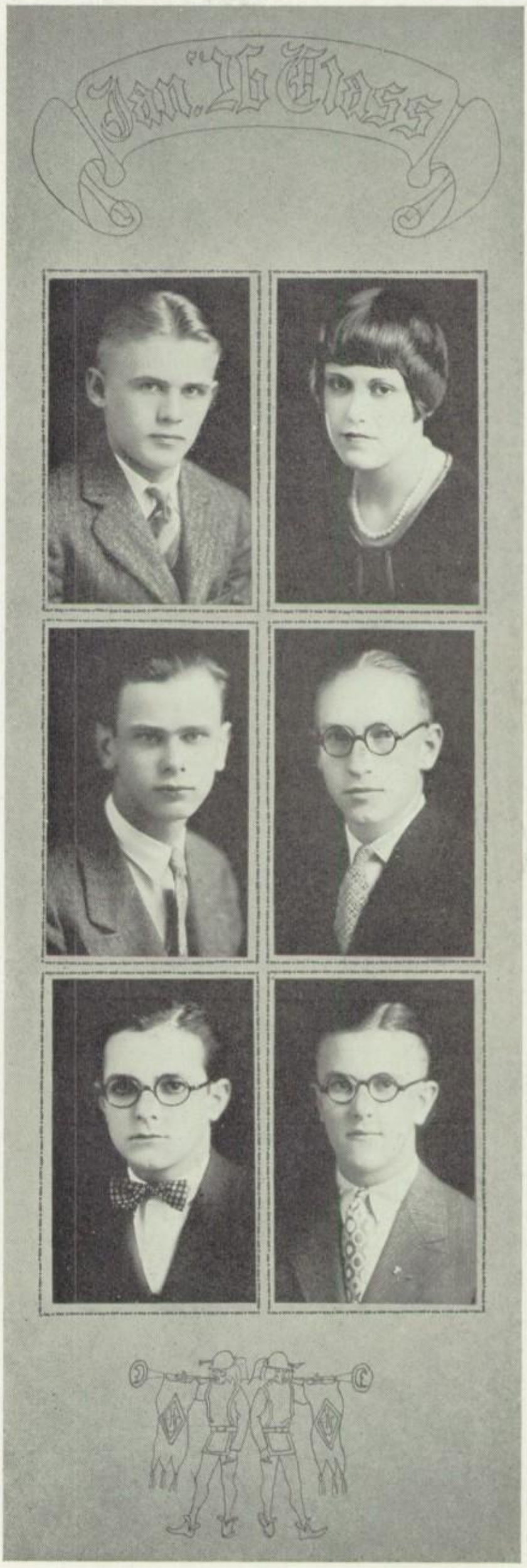


ARNOLD Always TOIVEN Truthful

FLORENCE Finely TROTTER Talented

FORREST Firstly VANLANDINGHAM Veracious

WESLEY Whimsical WARREN Wit

MANFORD Much WATT Wanted

VERNON Valuable WHITE Worker

ELEANOR Extremely WICKERSHAM Winsome

JAMES Jovial WILEY Wag

LILY Laudable WILTSHIRE Worker

RAY Really WOLLEN Worthwhile

OLIVE Optical WOODWORTH Winner

EUGENE Ever MYERS Mirthful

Class Diary

Jan. 30, 1922—Dear Diary: Why did we ever hate to think of going to high school? It's not half bad. The teachers don't look any sterner, and they don't scare us any. But where did the big mob come from? The upper classmen thought that they were clever and tried to "kid" us but we fooled them because we weren't so green as they thought we were.

Dec. 7, 1922—Oh dear! We are all so glad and yet so sorry. We played a post-season game of football with Washington High School today, and the score was 7-7. That means that we are tied for the championship.

Jan. 31, 1923—Today we really attended our classes. We had a little trouble finding where we were to go, but there were some agreeable ones who helped us out. But, Gee! I wondered how we looked. Taking back what we said yesterday, we are a little green.

March 17, 1923—We looked forward to having the Seniors entertain us, but we were wrong. The Sophomores, however, in spite of their reputation, gave us a party.

Sept. 4, 1923—We started our second term today, not the center of attraction as last term, but as second termers. Those new kids are certainly green.

Nov. 16, 1923—There was great excitement today. Some of the boys came to school wearing things they called "Peon Pants." They were made of corduroy with bell bottoms and pieces of flannel set in the sides, and some of them had sashes and rows of big pearl buttons on them too. They certainly did look queer.

Nov. 21, 1923—There has been a lot of trouble about those freak trousers but it is all over. We had a student body meeting today and decided that the boys had a perfect right to wear what they please.

Jan. 27, 1923—Another term rolled by and we are now sophomores. People don't pay as much attention to us as they used to, but leave it to us to stick to the ship.

Jan. 28, 1924—Still another whole year has gone and we are still with the ship. Sometimes the going is a bit rough, but really we love the work. The school is almost like home. And my, how the time does fly! We will soon be seniors!

Jan. 29, 1925—We always felt that if we just stuck to the ship that all would be plain sailing. Well, our dreams have come true; we are seniors at last!

April 14, 1925—The class organized today and we are larger than any class yet organized.

Ronald Murray was elected president, Harry VanDine vice-president, Millicent Smith secretary, Barbara Brown treasurer, and Lester Ahlgrim sergeant-at-arms. Miss Townsend was chosen to be our faculty adviser and Mrs. Thurston our honorary member.

May 13, 1925—Today we had another class meeting and chose Frances McGilvra for our Post editor.

Sept. 8, 1925—Our school life is almost over; there is only one term left. Our class membership has swelled to more than a hundred.

Sept. 17, 1925—We held our first class meeting of the term today and by the way we started out our class is going to be a record breaker.

Nov. 4, 1925—We have selected the committees for the Senior Prom and for Commencement, and have chosen for our class play, "All of a Sudden Peggy." The coach, Mr. Harrington, has already picked out a cast. In the days to come our class will be remembered as one of the best that ever graduated.

Millicent Smith.

Class Prophecy

It had been a long hard day for me but my book interested me very much, and so although I was very sleepy I still followed the Connecticut Yankee from one adventure to another in the court of the good King Arthur. Finally, however, sleep overcame me and my dream became a strange mixture of the characters of Mark Twain's story and those of my own friends and classmates.

There was the Connecticut Yankee who so strongly resembled our class president Ron Murray. The brave knight who so rudely awakened him was Harry Van Dine. He drove our old president back to Camelot at the point of his spear and brought him before the king.

"King Arthur," he said, "this aggressive person was captured by me in your territory. Pray do not show him any mercy for he looks dangerous to me."

The king rose slowly and in the stately movements of His Majesty I recognized my old classmate Victor Osgood.

"Sir Knight," he replied, "your bravery in capturing this person shall be rewarded by the highest honors that are in my power to bestow. As for him—burned at the stake at 12 M."

The Yankee smiled derisively for he remembered from his extensive study of history that at the hour set for his execution the moon was to eclipse the sun, and already his mind was busy with plots to make sure his own safety.

The next day at high noon, just as they tied him to the stake, darkness descended upon them and they became terrified.

"I am a magician," cried the Yankee, "and unless you release me this darkness will stay over you forever."

The king gladly released him and he was pronounced the court magician. The knights and ladies, Rosse Mather, Echo Maule, Lily Wiltshire, Lee Powell and Tony Rogers gazed at him in admiration.

He was given the name of "Boss" and had a royal room in the castle. His valets I recognized as Horace Allan, Ted Ackley and Wallace McKenzie.

The next day there was a great bustle and disturbance in the castle, for the "Boss" had decided to introduce golf as a national sport. So a club consisting of Ray Wollen, Harry Eklof, Wesley Warren, Leonard Steele, and Vernon White was started. Cecil Catching was engaged as instructor.

The knights were so encumbered by their armor that they could scarcely play. In fact the usual practice of using boys for caddies had to be given up and some of the strongest men in the Kingdom had to be employed to hoist the knights out of the bunkers and to pick

them up when they lost their balance and fell. So the "Boss" and the King had a conference and the former established a woolen mills and a factory for the manufacture of golf knickers.

The next day the king issued invitations for a big feast in honor of the "Boss." The invitations were sent out by radio and by messengers on motorcycles. The officious head radio operator was of course Clarence Gilmer, and the motorcycle demons were Sam Spazianni, James Wiley, Raymond Hensley and Theodore Kester.

The kitchens of the castle were in a turmoil all day, and the cook, Mildred Shields, was busy from morning till night making pies, cakes and other dainties. Among her helpers were Florence Freel, Virginia Hale, Grace Gotham and Rogene Swan.

Early that evening the guests began to arrive, and I must have laughed in my sleep to see the noble knights and fair ladies step from limousines, taxis, airplanes and even dismount from bicycles, resplendent in glittering armor, or beautiful in costly velvets. Among these guests were two Kings from Austria and Russia, Joseph Faith and Sylvester Crynes, who arrived in their airplanes, and landed in the arena where King Arthur was wont to view his bullfights. There was also Katherine Everett, who was a famous Parisian elocutionist, Hestine Hollister, whose violin had charmed many audiences in England, Europe, and America, and Frances McGilvra, who was the world-renowned editor of the "New York Times"; Harold Heinz, who was noted for baked beans which always pleased His Majesty so well, and Dorothy Shimomura who had became a royal princess of Japan. Lester Ahlgrim, a senator from dear old Oregon, was also among the early arrivals.

The butler, Arthur Lyons, took all the capes and helmets and greeted everyone with his dignified smile which we remembered so well.

The Court Jester, Donald Earl, entertained the guests while they waited for the king and company to gather around the tables in the banquet hall.

Just as the meal began, the page, Stacy Smith, came rushing breathlessly into the hall holding one ear and crying:

"Your Majesty, there is a minstrel outside who demands admittance. I told him who had gathered here, and he boxed my ears soundly and bade me tell you that he had songs of interest to all."

"Bring him in," said the king. "We will hear his songs!"

The Page ushered the minstrel into the hall, where he was greeted by shouts of surprise.

"Paul! Paul East!"

The minstrel was indeed the old classmate who had charmed so many with his voice, and cries for songs brought forth the following selections:

"Hey diddle diddle, Millie Smith played the fiddle,
Clare Scallon jumped over the moon.
The whole class roared to see such sport,
But Gene Meyers laughed like a loon."

Cries of laughter at the memory of that laugh of Eugene's encouraged the minstrel to give this encore:

"Elaine and Stina sat on a wall,
Stina, the bad child, took Elaine's ball.
Now all the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't make Elaine play with Stina again."

Next Howard Estes was called upon to explain his changed appearance and he told this pitiful story:

"I wished to become a minister but because of my unusual talents and fitness for the position. I was nominated for City Pound Officer. To one of my retiring nature this was a tragedy and I spent my entire fortune trying to lose votes. When the day of the election came and I won by a majority of two votes I was simply crushed. My spirit is broken and I am a changed man."

The minds of the company were turned from the sad plight of their old comrade by the entrance of Thelma Becktell and Barbara Brown, who had married a millionaire apiece and were "living happily ever after." Right after them came Olive Gray and Jean Nesbitt, wealthy authors. Their set of books "Music in the Home," was a best seller and the favorite of the lot, "Soup, Spaghetti and Noodles" had broken all sales records.

They said that Eloise Schade was doing a rushing business in Iceland where she had established a commercial love-letter agency with the usual rates for mush by the package.

Lester Ahlgrim told them that Nick Sckavone had at last succeeded in breaking the power of Tammany Hall and had been elected Governor of New York.

One of the guests then remembered that Oliver Brown was a moving picture director in Hollywood, and that he was starring Arnold Toiven and Veloren Hansen in "The Reasons Why Daughters Leave Home."

Just then the Countess Helen McPherson was announced. The diners rushed out to greet her and what was their surprise to find that with her she had brought Ruth Isham, Lillie Linder, Mary Orlando, Faye Oswald, Margaret Brooks and Janet Bingham who were American school teachers touring the country on bicycles. They had come to her estate the day she received her invitation and she had taken the liberty of bringing them along. They also told the assembled guests that Glen Daugherty had electrified the scientific world by his new book, "Prehistoric Animals I Have Known."

They told the company that Helen Rushlight, Sylvia Hemmila and the famous Price sisters were all contestants for the title of "Miss America." This news made some of the young gentlemen very thoughtful for the rest of the evening.

Two late arrivals were announced, Jeanne Marohn and Marcelle Jackson who were the most famous beauty specialists in Paris. They hardly had time to eat because the other ladies kept them so busy answering questions on how to become beautiful and how to stay that way.

After dinner the king called the Wise Man. As soon as he appeared I recognized Clinton Mahan, who after gazing into the crystal, said that he could see some of the old classmates.

"Who? Who?" they all cried.

"I am now looking on a football field," he said, "and I can see Ruth Schad bending over the limp form of Leslie Christenson who has been injured in the game. Betty Duncan is running around in circles and wringing her hands."

"In sunny Spain I see a group of fair ladies twisting their handkerchiefs and biting their finger nails while they watch a bull fight. Ah, let me see, they are Amelia Arata, Adaline Barnes and Eloise Beaumont."

Irven Ross, the star of the Metropolitan Opera Company, breaking into the conversation said that while he was in Paris he had come across a little tea room, run by Evelyn Brandley, Amelia Sansom, and Laura LuGillis. Their French pastries were made by Simcox Stoll Company who had built up an enormous trade in that line. Upon asking Evelyn where her old friend Mahalah Kurtz was, Irven said that she had laughed and replied that Mahalah had made her fortune by teaching canary birds to whistle, and that she was then living in Paris and enjoying the high society life of that city.

Clinton resumed his crystal gazing and said that he saw Frances Long, Mary Ten Eyck, and Florence Trotter in a Turkish school where they had gone after graduating. He said that they appeared happy and that they seemed to have taught their associates several things about the way American girls did things.

"I see a hospital," said the seer, "and among the nurses are three familiar faces. They are those of Margaret Chirgwin, Sarah Jullum and Lucia Murray."

Then Lester Ahlgrim spoke up and said that Manford Watt was president of the largest bank in Scapoose, and that Forrest VanLandingham and Russel Bertell were chief cashiers.

He added that Helen Smith had started a stock company in Chicago with Olive Woodworth, Frances Cornes and Omega McBee as members.

"Well," said the king, "we have heard from nearly all the old class members. I wonder where the others are?"

Then someone remembered that Maia Gudmundsen had gone as a missionary to the South Sea Islanders and that she had taken Mildred Fishburn and Murl Gray with her.

Of course Olive McLain the world famous dancer came in for her share of praise as did Roy Gaines, the aviator who had just broken the world record for parachute jumping.

Vivyenne Howell was reported to be selling sewing machines to the natives of the Sandwich Islands.

Esther Pedersen was married and living in a little house somewhere on the coast of Alaska.

Just then the King's scribe, Gaylord Shively, entered, and announced that he had just finished his latest and best book "Biography of Donald Pratt, the Modern Captain Kidd."

After he had greeted the guests they asked him if he knew where Clara Olsen was and he replied that he heard that she was giving a lecture course in Siberia on the evils of the rag doll as a toy.

Just then the King gave a loud cry and said, "Good grief! What have I done? I have Everett Thomas locked up in the dungeon for hitting me in the eye with a piece of cheese! We must let him out immediately. Come:"

They all went trooping out of the room and as their voices faded away I found myself sitting in the big armchair with the unfinished copy of "A Conneticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" in my lap.

Eleanor Wickersham.
Lucile Rucker.

Class Play Cast

MR. HARRINGTON — STINA ROMMEL — SYLVESTER CRYNES — ELAINE STOKES

HELEN SMITH — GLEN DAUGHERTY — JANE PRICE — IRVEN ROSS

ARTHUR LYONS — MAHALAH KURTZ — CLARENCE GILMER — WALLACE McKENZIE

Senior Class Play

The January '26 class presented their play, "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," on Friday and Saturday nights, December 18 and 19, in Franklin's new auditorium.

This is a celebrated English comedy, a satire on the high life in the British aristocracy. It has been played by some of the world's foremost players and is recognized as being typical of modern comedy.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Anthony, Lord Crackenthorpe.....Irven Ross
(Fellow of the Entomological Society)

The Hon. Jimmy Keppel.....Glen Daugherty
(His Brother)

Major Archie Phipps (retired).....Sylvester Crynes
(Lady Crackenthorpe's Brother)

Jack Menzies.....Clarence Gilmer

Parker .....Arthur Lyons
(Footman at Hawkhurst)

Lucas .....Wallace McKenzie
(Manservant at Jimmy's Flat)

Lady Crackenthorpe.....Elaine Stokes
(Lord Crackenthorpe's Mother)

The Hon. Millicent Keppel.....Stina Rommel

The Hon. Mrs. Colquhoun.....Mahalah Kurtz

Mrs. O'Mara.....Helen Smith
(Widow of Professor O'Mara, F. R. S.)

Peggy .....Jane Price
(Her Daughter)

Under the coaching of Mr. Harrington the players revealed an artistry of interpretation. Jane Price as Peggy was bewitching. Irven Ross gave a clever impersonation of Anthony, and Glen Daugherty was a dashing Jimmy. All the other members of the cast were pleasing in their respective roles.

Class Will

Having spent four long years, or more, in this noble institution of learning in pursuit of that will-o'-the-wisp Knowledge, and feeling that our days as inmates of said institution are about at an end, and being in our right minds and in full possession of our senses, we sorrowfully pause to consider those things which we must leave behind. Hence it is with downcast heart and tear-dimmed eye that we pen this solemn document as our last will and final testament; and with mingled emotions we do hereby bequeath:

ARTICLE I

We, the January Class of 1926, do bequeath to the Student Body the long coveted Auditorium with the condition that they appreciate it as much as we have.

ARTICLE II

To the music room we leave a hand embroidered fish net to catch the plaster that the band knocks off the ceiling.

To the next graduating class we leave our Senior registration rooms and all our extra library slips.

ARTICLE III

To our faculty adviser, Miss Townsend, and our honorary member, Mrs. Thurston, we leave our sincere love and best wishes, and the hope that they will love and remember us as long as we shall them.

ARTICLE IV

Personally we do bequeath:

Ronald Murray, his proficiency in "Robert's Rules of Order" to the next "incumbent of the office."

Harry VanDine, his ability to bring order out of a chaotic class meeting to the Speaker of the House.

Millicent Smith, her book entitled "The Trials and Hardships of Secretaryship" to the Student Body Secretary, Elaine Henderson.

Barbara Brown, her position as "Queen of Dimples" to anyone who can qualify for the position.

Lester Ahlgrim, his reputation as a "simply marvelous dancer" to Elbert Zimmerman.

Frances McGilvra, her ability to make the other fellow work, to someone who is in need of that talent.

Mary Ten Eyck, her delight in society life to an able follower, namely, Dotty Mettler.

Hestine Hollister, his book entitled "Complicated Problems in Frenzied Finance," to Mr. Eckhardt to be used as an aid in his task as business manager for the Student Body.

Helen McPherson, her teeth to be used in a tooth paste advertisement.

Theodore Ackley, his "baby-blue" eyes to George Javier.

Lucile Rucker, her quiet manners to some of our daily associates who try to make life interesting for the teachers.

Theodore Kester, his interest in the "Sassy Susie" to some of the girls who will miss rides in it.

Eloise Schade, some of her popularity to be divided among the "wall-flowers."

Arnold Toiven, his book on art to the Library to be kept as a source of inspiration to all those who are interested in the "finer arts."

Betty Duncan and Ruth Schad, their knowledge of picture shows to Betty Richards and Dorothy See.

Katherine Everett, some of that uncommon quality of hers, common sense, to the scatter-brained freshies who need it most.

Jane Price, her place as one of Franklin's favorites to Grace Dehuff.

Eugene Meyers, his string of "lady friends" to George Cameron.

Florence Trotter, her shorthand note book to someone desirous of practice in deciphering ancient Egyptian heiroglyphics.

Vernon White, his pedagoggles to Reed Allen to help him preserve order and attention.

Lucia Murray, her scholarship pins to Ten Brook Ellis.

Margaret Brooks leaves the memory of her happy smile and her willingness to help, to any one who is suffering from the "Blues."

Irven Ross, to Mr. Walsh, the difficult task of finding someone capable of taking his place in the music department.

Eloise Beaumont, her uncanny ability to remember birthdays to someone who thinks that Washington was born on July 4, 1776.

Horace Allen, his lyric soprano voice to a little canary bird.

Joseph Faith, his little dust pan and brush to the Art Museum.

Florence Freel, that enormous stack of books that she carries around to another studious person, namely Robert Muzzey.

Murl Gray, his embarrassment at being addressed as "Miss Gray" to the substitute teachers who made the error.

Raymond Hensley, his alert expression when anyone says "Ray," to Raymond Anderson.

Sarah Jullum, her hair and coloring to someone whose ancestors came from "Sunny Spain."

Mahalah Kurtz, her clear bird-like whistle to a meadow lark.

Arthur Lyons, his quiet ways to Carl Toiven.

Jeanne Marohn, her list of "gentlemen friends" to Elizabeth Prideaux.

Esther Pedersen, her marcel to Helen Dustin.

Clara Olsen, her methods of instilling "pep" to Ray Bristow.

Lillie Linder, her ability to make parallel pipeheads to Kay Edwards.

Gaylord Shively, his aversion to the ladies to Jimmie O'Connell.

Oliver Brown, his patented eyelash curlers to other users of vaseline.

Frances Cornes, her crowning glory to Gretchen Rinehart.

Howard Estes, to the Freshman Class, the right to imitate his boyish actions.

Mildred Fishburn, her shy and retiring manners to Wilma Couey.

Grace Gotham, her little sister Wilma to the school and teachers.

Victor Osgood, his interest in Commerce High to the students at Franklin.

Omega McBee, her cleverness in telling a real diamond from an imitation to those to whom her knowledge may be of assistance or interest.

Evelyn Brandley, a little of her spare height to Neal Ellis.

Janet Bingham, her ability in gym to the leaders.

Sam Spazianni, his raven locks to Clarence Leisure.

Rosse Mather, her executive ability to the Commercial Department.

Margaret Chirgwin, to Ruth Johnson, her unlimited ability on a typewriter, namely the ability to manipulate her fingers so rapidly as to make the present record of some 150 words a minute look like a decimal point.

Elaine Stokes, her dramatic ability to Norma Talmadge.

Veloren Hansen, the walking tailor's model, leaves his position and the responsibilities that go with it to Jimmy Clough.

Olive McLain, her place as chief initiator for the Tri-Y's to Wanda Yzerskie.

Amelia Arata, her title as champion credit earner to anyone who is willing to burn enough midnight oil.

Faye Oswald, her quiet and composed expression to that "frisky freshie" Alice Griffith.

Mildred Shields, her enthusiasm as a "fan" to the rooters section at the games.

Clinton Mahan, his book entitled "1000 Ways to Bluff a Teacher" to Frances Gill.

Amelia Sansom, her angelic expression and manner to Nellie Isabell Murray.

James Wiley, his shoes, to be held in trust by Mr. Harrington until such time as David Steel shall become capable of navigating in 14-D shoes with as much grace as has always characterized his own maneuvering.

Clare Scallon, that educational little pamphlet of his entitled "Famous Speeches I Have Made," to anyone making a study of unique phraseology with appropriate gesture.

Leslie Christensen, his quiet appearance to Robert Bell.

Marcelle Jackson, her winning way with the teachers to Lavelle Alexander.

Maia Gudmundsen, her crowning glory to Helen Inch.

Harold Heinz, his "57" catch phrases to someone making an intensive study of the American "slanguage."

Vivyenne Howell, her laughing brown eyes to some "peroxide blonde" who has always secretly admired the brunettes.

Ray Wollen, his quiet appearance to Loren Hare.

Donald Earl, his keen sense of humor and ready wit to Robert Burks.

Olive Woodworth, her long eyelashes to someone who has just been in the explosion of a powder factory.

Harry Ecklof, his proficiency in Latin to Margaret Loch.

Glen Daugherty, his enthusiasm as a "golf bug" to Donald Lamb.

Adaline Barnes, her long hair to someone who regrets having had her crowning glory shorn.

Virginia Hale, that detested nickname, which she will not let us mention, to some other Virginia.

Manford Watt, his popularity with the fair sex to anyone who can keep it from turning his head.

Lee Powell, his skill as a left-handed ink-slinger to Charles William Wells.

Laura Lu Gillis, her slim and willowy figure to Gerald McFadden.

Olive Gray and Jean Nesbitt, their close friendship to Mary Bahana and Helen Fors.

Lily Wiltshire, her membership in the Scholarship Club to Emery Campbell.

Elda Stoll, her faithful chauffeur to those who now have to use the legs that nature gave them.

Sylvester Crynes, the memory of some of those "chemical creations" of his to Miss Neikirk.

Russell Bertell, his black hair and eyes to Arthur Dehuff.

Cecil Catching, his easy chair in the library to any one on whom Miss Drew may see fit to confer the honor.

Helen Smith, her seven freshie sisters to the kind mercies of Franklin High School.

Everett Thomas, his deadly accuracy in tossing chalk or erasers to the basketball squad.

Eleanor Wickersham, her gentle voice to some of those industrious ticket sellers.

Ruth Isham, her quiet ways to Blanche Morrison.

Frances Long, a little of her optimism to the "crepe-hangers."

Wesley Warren, his series of lectures on "A Joke on Everyone and For Every Occasion" to Phillip Cogswell.

Rogene Swan, her French Verb Blank to her sister Verna.

Forrest VanLandingham, his record for regular attendance at class meeting to some of the "Backsliders."

Sylvia Hemmila, her spirit of justice and fair play to those in whom these sterling qualities are lacking.

Mary Orlando, her skill as a typist to Catherine Roduner.

Clarence Gilmer, his ability to bring in ads, to the next Advertising Staff of the Post.

Doris Simcox leaves Audrey Evans to James Gilbaugh or anyone else who can manage her.

Leonard Steele, his uncontrollable shock of hair to Harry Schenck.

Stacy Smith, the memory of his impish grin to the faculty.

Stina Rommel, a little of her dignity and poise to the "sophisticated sophomores."

Wallace McKenzie, his "patent leather hair" to Day Foster.

Helen Rushlight, her gift-of-gab to Florence Beal.

Donald Pratt, his dreamy expression to Curtis Asher.

Paul East, his voice to be kept for special occasions when some member of the Glee Club shall get "stage fright" just before he is to perform.

Josephine Price, her place as queen of the "strawberry blondes" to Helena Skolil.

Roy Gaines, the memory of his proficiency in history to the teachers.

Echo Maule, her knowledge of California to some person who would like to spend his life in that "playground of the world."

Tony Rogers and Nick Sckavone, their positions as Exalted Potentates in the "Eata Bita Pye Fraternity" to any other pair who can eat the necessary number of pies required for membership.

Ye Senior Liste

Christened	Title	Characteristic	Favorite Saying	Ambition
THEODORE ACKLEY	"Rags"	Knocking them on the head	"Mudcats!"	To be a lawyer
LESTER AHLGRIM	"Phat"	Looking wise	"Half Wit!"	To live in Adjabihadabk
HORACE ALLEN	"Hanky"	Spitting	"Oh Pop Off"	Towing a Ford
AMELIA ARATA	"Adam"	Studying	"Oh Eva!"	Founder of a home for cats
ELOISE BEAUMONT	"Elle"	Taking Latin	"I'll say not"	Radio announcer
ADALINE BARNES	"Adalina"	Her crowning glory	"If you insist"	Hairdresser
RUSSEL BERTELL	"Russ"	His quiet voice	"Hello"	To win the rubber toothpick
JANET BINGHAM	"Jane"	Giggling	"Oh Faye!"	To be a tight-rope walker
EVELYN BRANDLEY	"Ev"	Chubbiness	"My Golly, Kid!"	To be tall (?)
MARGARET BROOKS	"Margaret"	Fluency in French	"Yes, indeed"	To travel
BARBARA BROWN	"Barb"	Her height	"Now, Oliver"	To be six feet
OLIVER BROWN	"Oliver"	Getting ads	"Gotcher Spanish?"	Lawyer
CECIL CATCHING	"Sleepy"	Musical snore	"Just wait!"	To be a sprinter
MARGARET CHIRGWIN	"Maggie"	Running out of work	"Yes, Mr. Downs"	To be a magician
LESLIE CHRISTENSEN	"Les"	Being rough	"Grow up!"	To be a football star
FRANCES CORNES	"Francis"	Red hair	"I did not!"	Stenographer
SYLVESTER CRYNES	"Major"	Monocle	"All for the good of the family"	Character actor
GLENN DAUGHERTY	"Jimmy"	Being a hero	"Hey, come on!"	Motor cop
ELIZABETH DUNCAN	"Betty"	Taking care of Ruth	"Where is she?"	To be a Dean
DONALD EARL	"Donald"	His sense of humor	"Oh, grow up!"	To be the dancing teacher
PAUL EAST	"Paul"	Singing	"Let me tell ya'"	Operatic star
HARRY EKLOF	"Harry"	Talking Latin	"I know, teacher"	To be a barber
HOWARD ESTES	"Estes"	Catching flies	"Come out of your trance"	To become a Pro.
KATHERINE EVERETT	"Kitty"	Uncommon common sense	"Well, well"	More scholarships
JOSEPH FAITH	"Jo"	His soulful eyes	"Huh?"	To be an aviator
MILDRED FISHBURN	"Midget"	Her meek ways	"Oh my!"	To slide down the banisters
FLORENCE FREEL	"Flo"	Getting a kick out of History 8	"Oh shucks!"	To be a trained nurse
ROY GAINES	"Roy"	Eating lunch	"Go on!"	A minister

Ye Senior Liste—*Continued*

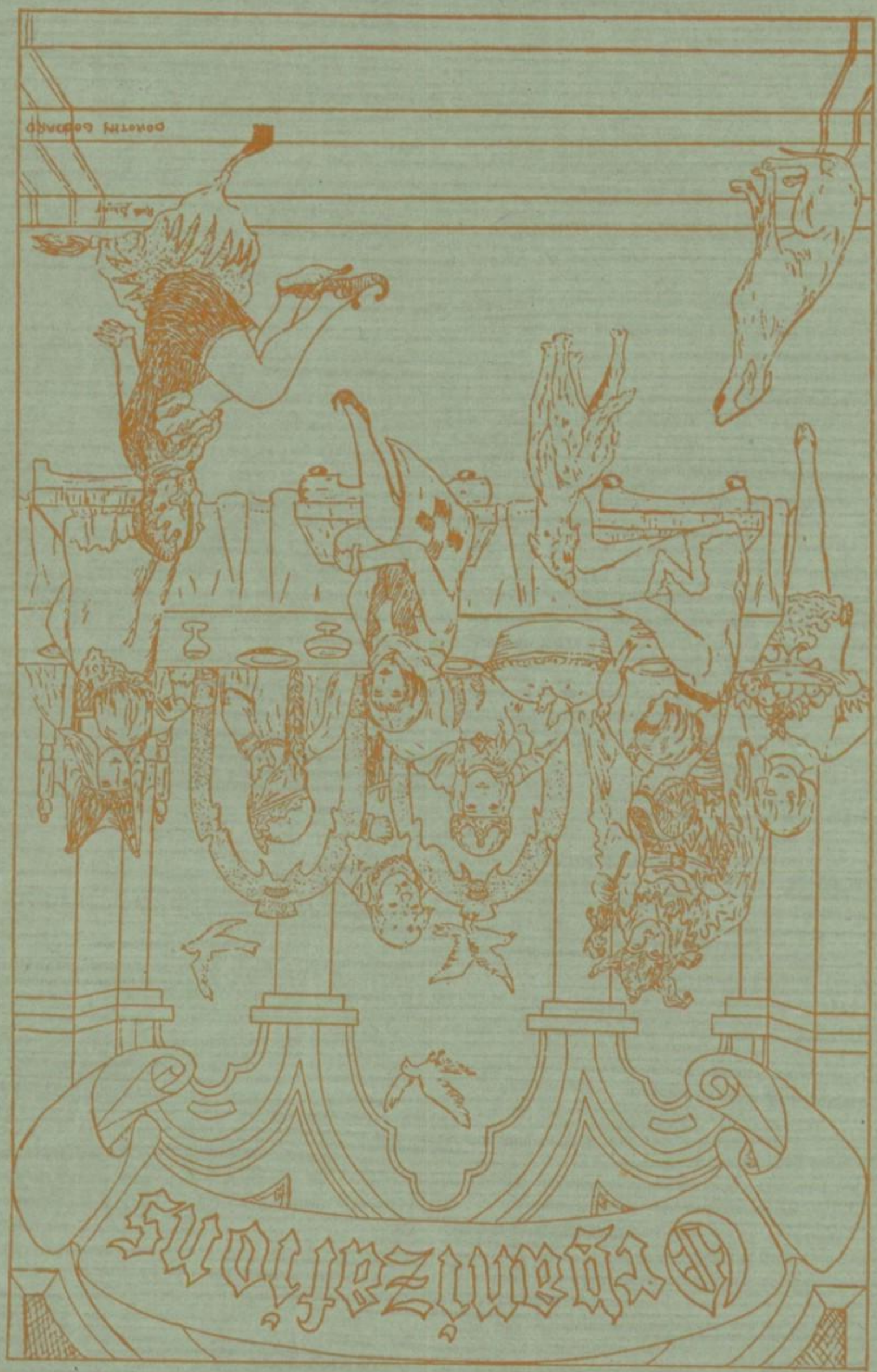
Christened	Title	Characteristic	Favorite Saying	Ambition
LAURA LU GILLIS	"Larry"	Making dates	"Heck"	To be a vamp
CLARENCE GILMER	"Chickie"	Getting ads	"Rats"	To be a woman-hating millionaire
GRACE GOTHAM	"Gracie"	Science 8	"Oh heck!"	Science teacher
MURL GRAY	"Dutch"	Being called "Miss"	"If you please"	To be a florist
OLIVE GRAY	"Olive"	Curls	"Have you?"	Dancing the Charleston
MAIA GUDMUNDSEN	"Maia"	Helping Mrs. Wilson	"Next"	To be a waitress
VELOREN HANSEN	"Nathan"	Being a ladies' man	"Act civilized"	To be a shoe salesman
VIRGINIA HALE	"Gin Gee"	Cooking	"Hello, lovems"	To beat up Gilmer
HAROLD HIENZ	"Beans"	57 varieties	"Your name is mud"	To have curls
SYLVIA HEMMILA	"Sylvie"	With Laura Lu	"Any pictures?"	To be a flea trainer
RAYMOND HENSLEY	"Ray"	Dreaming	"Oh bosh!"	To get more ads
HESTINE HOLLISTER	"Hezzy"	Fussing a certain freshie girl	"Jumping jellybeans!"	To ride on a fire engine
VIVYENNE HOWELL	"Viv"	Rolling her eyes	"Me?"	To make good on that diamond
RUTH ISHAM	"Ruthie"	Keeping quiet	"I beg your pardon?"	To graduate
MARCELLE JACKSON	"Marcelle"	Running	"Bob!"	Basketball star
SARAH JULLUM	"Sarah"	Her black curls	"Gotcher lesson?"	A stenographer
THEODORE KESTER	"The"	Being absent	"What?"	To be a teacher
MAHALAH KURTZ	"Kurtie"	Whistling	"Let me play"	To drive a milk truck
LILLIE LINDER	"Rosie"	Her shorthand	"You don't say"	To be a beauty specialist
FRANCES LONG	"Bill"	Chewing gum	"Oh gosh!"	To play the drum
ARTHUR LYONS	"Art"	Butlering	"Yes, m'lady"	To be a farmer
OMEGA McBEE	"Mega"	Dancing	"Not really?"	To do toe dancing over the radio
FRANCES McGILVRA	"Fran"	Chasing the Post Staff	"Get that into your head"	To sing
WALLACE McKENZIE	"Mac"	Writing themes	"Turn around"	To be Queen of the May
OLIVE McLAIN	"Olive"	Bossing the new members	"Now you pledges have to—"	To go on the stage
HELEN McPHERSON	"Helen"	Looking for Frances	"Mercy me!"	To play a harp
CLINTON MAHAN	"Mahon"	Making faces	"Aw!"	To be a teacher

Ye Senior Liste—*Continued*

Christened	Title	Characteristic	Favorite Saying	Ambition
JEANNE MAROHN	"Bobbie"	Smiling	"Oh, I know!"	Football fan
ROSSE MATHER	"Rosse"	Helping people out	"Those Freshies"	President of the hash-slingers' union
ECHO MAULE	"Echo"	Looking wistful	"Won't either"	To be an Eskimo
LUCIA MURRAY	"Lucy"	School Daze	"Oh, nothing"	To be governor
RONALD MURRAY	"Ron"	Blushing	"Yesssssss"	To make a world typing record
JEAN NESBITT	"Jeanny"	Keeping warm	"Where's Olive?"	To win the crocheted rowboat
CLARA OLSEN	"Speed"	Her hair	"Well, gang—"	To write a dictionary
MARY ORLANDO	"Mary"	Taking typing	"Oh what a pal was I!"	To travel
VICTOR OSGOOD	"Vic"	His famous smile	"Izzatso?"	To travel with an organ-grinder
FAYE OSWALD	"Mickey"	Going shopping	"Well—"	To be an English shark
ESTHER PEDERSEN	"Millie"	Speaking French	"Ohhhhhh!"	Jane Cowl II
LEE POWELL	"Curley"	Looking bored	"Huh?"	To teach Latin
DONALD PRATT	"Don"	His quietness	"So's your old man"	To be an Admiral in the Swiss navy
JANE PRICE	"Jane"	Acting	"Oh, dear!"	To be queen of someone's kitchen
JOSEPHINE PRICE	"Jo"	Drawling	"For mercy's sake"	To be a Caruso
TONY ROGERS	"Tony"	History 8	"Mr. Rogers, please"	To be a musician
STINA ROMMEL	"Cutie"	Long hair	"I'm fine, thanks"	A dancer
IRVEN ROSS	"Ibex"	Vocalizing	"Why not? Why not?"	To go to Paris
LUCILE RUCKER	"Bobbie"	Eating three lunches	"Oh, Ah—"	To be with a Delta Gamma
HELEN RUSHLIGHT	"Irish"	Lack of hair	"Donald?"	To be a public speaker
AMELIA SANSOM	"Mimi"	Feeling someone's pulse	"It's hard life"	To follow in Miss Drew's footsteps
CLARE SCALLON	"Dean"	Speaking	"Yes, sir, she's my baby"	To be a juggler
RUTH SCHAD	"Sunny"	Being with Les	"Comeon, kids"	To invent an automatic hair-curler
ELOISE SCHADE	"Schadey"	Smiling in E 8	"Now where is Ron?"	To earn more scholarships
NICK SCKAVONE	"Nickie"	Managing something	"Well!!!"	To be a brunette
MILDRED SHIELDS	"Honey"	Helping people out	"Who, ME?"	To be a poetess
DOROTHY SHIMOMURA	"Dot"	Studying	"Lo there"	To see France
GAYLORD SHIVELY	"Whitey"	Smiling	"Where? Where?"	To be a music teacher

Ye Senior Liste—*Continued*

Christened	Title	Characteristic	Favorite Saying	Ambition
DORIS SIMCOX	"Doris"	Her black hair	"Oh, no!"	To be teacher's pet
HELEN SMITH	"Helen G."	Articulating	"Murder!"	To drive a "Rolled Rice"
MILLICENT SMITH	"Milly"	Taking the minutes	"Well now, I wonder"	To be a Sheik
STACY SMITH	"Skeesix"	Being a cherub	"But teacher—"	To go on the stage
SAM SPAZIANI	"Sam"	His motorcycle	"Well, if you want to know—"	To be of service to K. H.
LEONARD STEELE	"Steele"	Acting on committees	"Well, now—"	To be a prima donna
ELAINE STOKES	"Laine"	Riding to and from school	"Yes, Mrs. Wilson"	Violinist
ELDA STOLL	"Stoll"	Singing	"Oh cats!"	To travel with an organ-grinder
ROGENE SWAN	"Gene"	Brown eyes	"Verna has it"	To be an artist
MARY TEN EYCK	"Mary"	Throwing things	"Now, Bill"	To be a dressmaker
EVERETT THOMAS	"Thomas"	Being quiet	"Oh, go on!"	To be a weather man
ARNOLD TOIVEN	"Towen"	Making a hit with the ladies	"My aunt's cat"	To get caught up on sleep
FLORENCE TROTTER	"Ted"	Blue eyes	"What's the idea?"	To teach history
HARRY VAN DINE	"Van"	Being late	"How do you get that way?"	No curfew
FOREST VAN LANDINGHAM	"Van"	Ice skating	"Well, you see—"	To teach a young ladies' Sunday school class
WESLEY WARREN	"Wes"	Winking	"Science says—"	To run an overall factory
MANFORD WATT	"Specs"	His Goggles	"Have you a book?"	To drive a hearse
ELEANOR WICKERSHAM	"Elnor"	Being with Lucile	"Now really?"	To be a professor
VERNON WHITE	"Vern"	His Chevrolet	"Won't start"	The job of sewing patches on the angels' wings
JAMES WILEY	"Jimmy"	Running	"No you won't!"	To be a chiropodist
LILY WILTSHIRE	"Lil"	Looking pleased	"Got your lesson?"	Public speaking
OLIVE WOODWORTH	"Peggy"	Loafing	"I forgot to tell ya"	To be a waitress
RAY WOLLEN	"Cotton"	Sweaters	"Woa, Henry!"	To be a monkey trainer
THELMA BECKTELL	"Thel"	Her shy appearance	"Nnnno"	To bob hair

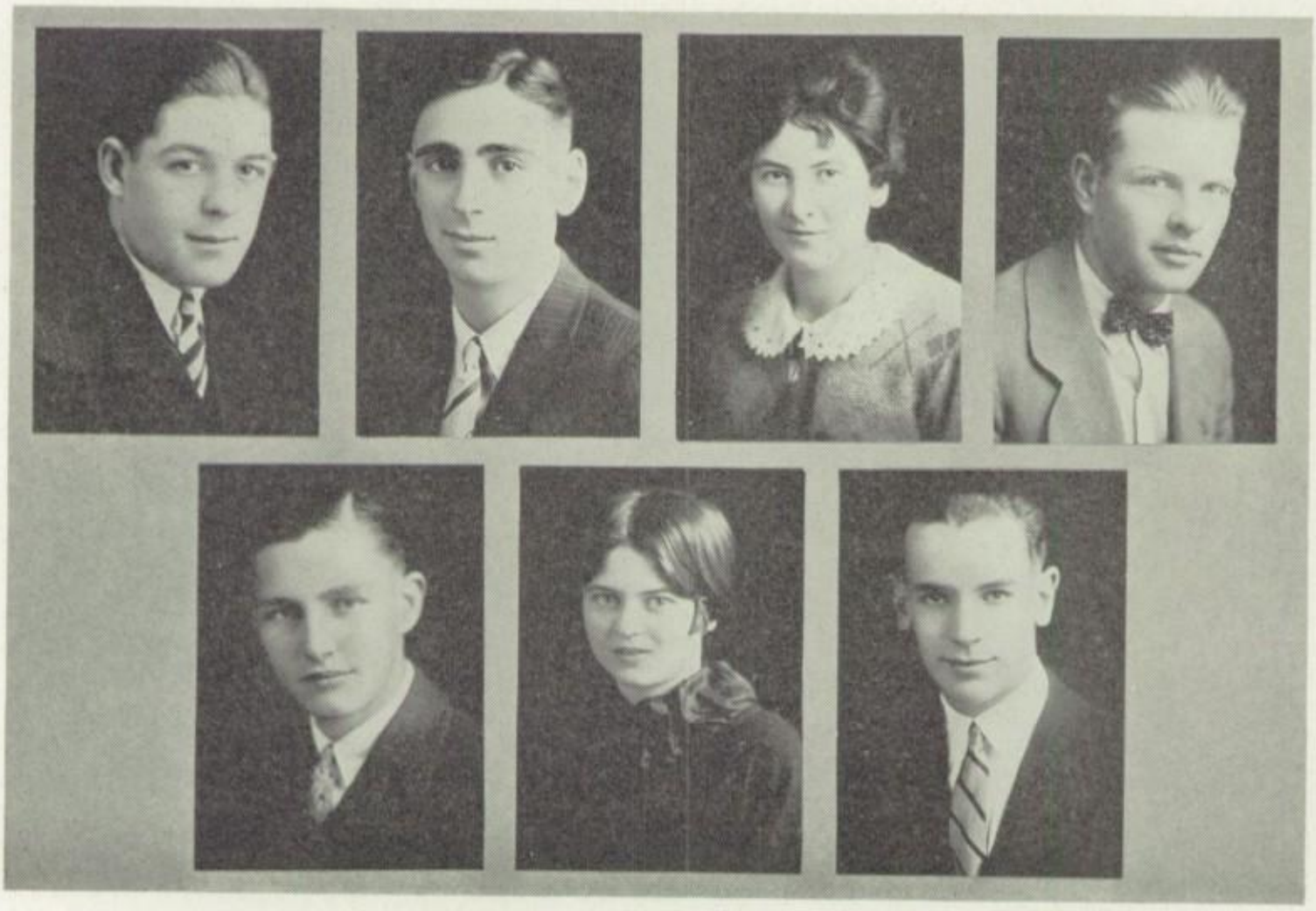


JUNE 1926 CLASS

JUNIORS

SOPHOMORES

FRESHMEN



D. Anderson K. Huddle E. Henderson W. Cox

E. Myers H. Perry R. Dehuff

Student Body Officers

President.....DESMOND ANDERSON
Vice-President.....KENNETH HUDDLE
Secretary.....ELAINE HENDERSON
Advisory Committee.....HOPE PERRY, ROBERT DEHUFF
Fire Chief.....WILLIAM COX
Sergeant-at-Arms.....EDWARD MYERS

The largest organization in the school is the Student Body, consisting of about six hundred members. This Student Body is the principal means of self-government in the school. The only requirement is that a member must not have failed in more than one subject the preceding term. During the last few months this organization has done very commendable work. Student Body dues of twenty-five cents are collected each term from the members.

A Student Body organization is important to any school, and therefore should be given the loyal support of all the students in whatever it undertakes.

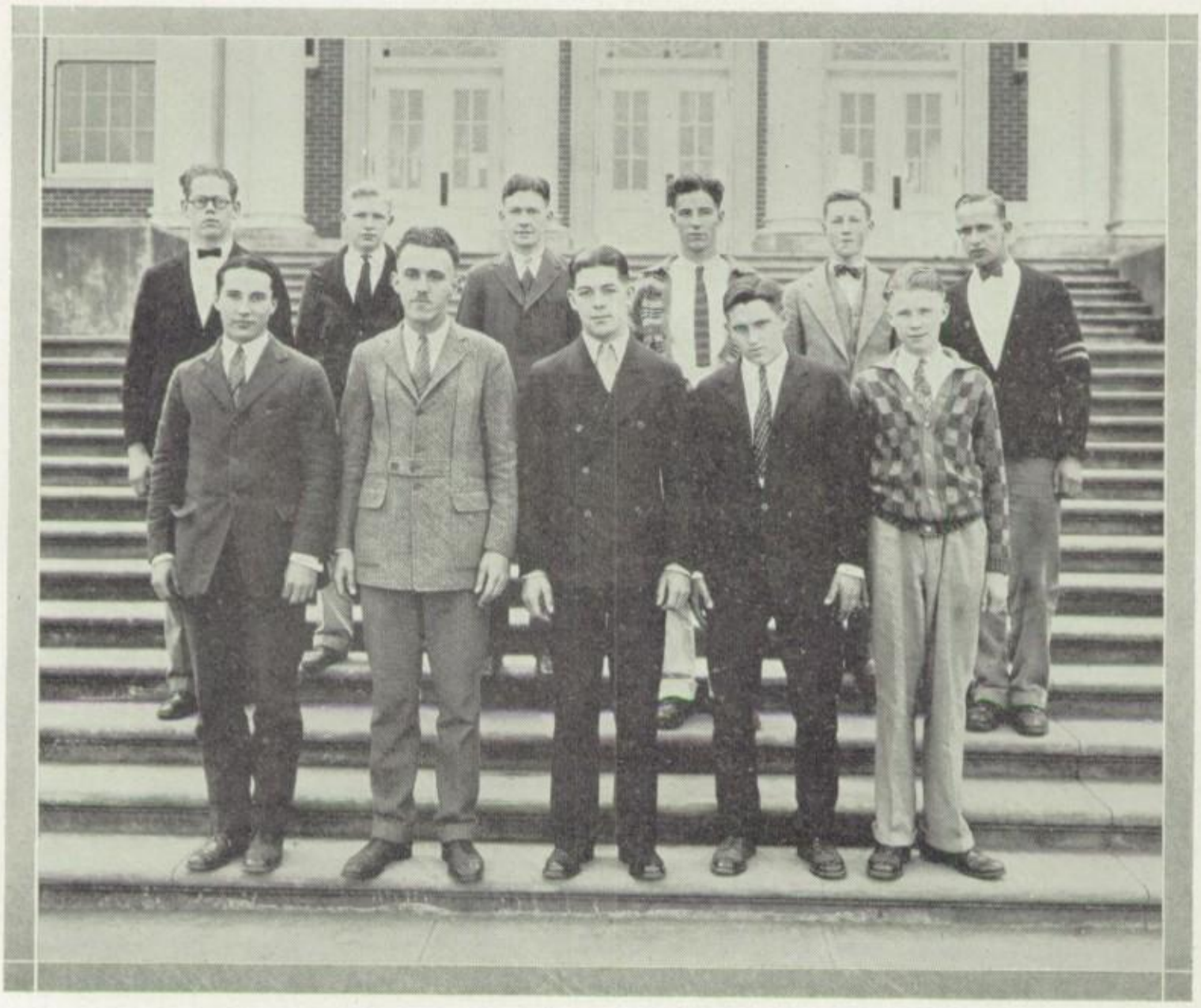
Student Council

President.....DESMOND ANDERSON
Vice-President.....RONALD MURRAY
Secretary.....HELEN FORS
Treasurer.....BARBARA BROWN
Sergeant-at-Arms.....OLIVER BROWN
Faculty Advisers.....MISS REEVES, MISS DREW

The Student Council of Franklin High School was organized with the object of promoting the interest of the school and protecting its property. It was organized at the beginning of the fall term.

The organization consists of the presidents of all clubs that have functioned actively for at least one year previous and have been sanctioned by the advisers, and two members chosen at large by the advisers. Any person holding the office of president in more than one organization, appoints a representative for one or the other of them.

The standing committees are: Auditorium, Athletic goods, Library, Cafeteria and Main Halls.



The Hi-Y

President.....DESMOND ANDERSON
Vice-President.....VICTOR OSGOOD
Secretary.....SHELDON ALLEN
Treasurer.....MILTON HANSEN
Sergeant-at-Arms.....HARRY VANDINE
Editor.....CHARLES BOCKMAN

The Hi-Y has always been very active in school affairs. The basic purpose of the Hi-Y is to create, maintain and extend throughout the school and community the highest standards of Christian character.

Its members have been chosen because of initiative and executive ability. At present the club is without an adviser. It holds meetings every Wednesday night at eight o'clock at the Y. M. C. A.

The Country Fair is sponsored by the Hi-Y. It has always been a great success, and as all proceeds, amounting to about one hundred dollars, are turned into the athletic fund, the Hi-Y, with the co-operation of other clubs, has been able to materially aid the school.

TRI-Y

Tri-Y

President.....ALICE KAHLIN

Vice-President.....BARBARA BROWN

Secretary.....ELOISE SCHADE

Treasurer.....OLIVE MCLAIN

Editor.....KATHERINE EVERETT

The Tri-Y, one of the oldest and best known clubs of the school, is a branch of the Y. W. C. A. and holds its meetings every other Thursday in the club rooms of the Y. W. C. A. Under the able guidance of its faculty advisers, Miss Reeves and Miss Howard, it enters wholeheartedly into all the school activities. The Tri-Y upholds the highest standards of young womanhood, and fosters a spirit of loyal comradeship among its members.

Many in the club are working hard for a Tri-Y ring, the very highest honor that can be awarded to a Tri-Y girl.

The girls this term have planned their meetings to represent a trip around the world. The programs help to make the study more vivid by providing songs and folk dances of the various countries.

Over the week-end of October 23 and 24, the club had its semi-annual lark out at Rock Creek, the Tri-Y camp. There, the pledges were thoroughly initiated. All had an unusually jolly time.

On the evening of October 24, many of the girls attended an inter-club Hallowe'en party held at the Y. W. C. A.

During the winter the club expects to give its annual formal dance. It also intends to hold a joint meeting with the girls of the Hillsboro Tri-Y.

THE FORUM

The Forum

President.....REID ALLEN

Vice-President.....WANDA DOWNS

Secretary.....LALOVE FRANKLIN

Treasurer.....RONALD BUFORD

Editor.....MARTHA GRIMSON

Sergeant-at-Arms.....MILTON RUSSEL

The Forum was organized by Mr. Harrington in January, 1923, for the purpose of promoting public speaking, debating and parliamentary law. Since then, his classes have met each term through the Forum and have had interesting programs including debates, readings, speeches and musical numbers. It has also secured various persons outside of Franklin to speak at the meetings.

The club is open to all the former and the present members of Mr. Harrington's English 7 classes. It has the privilege of holding its bi-monthly meetings in the new auditorium and the members gain much through the experience of holding offices and in taking part in the programs.

Lieutenant Oakley G. Kelly was secured for an interesting talk at an open Forum meeting on Thursday, November 5. He talked about the army air service, including the history of the plane, the various kinds of planes and important statistics relating to them. He also told the various steps necessary to take before becoming an officer in the army air service. He discussed the transcontinental aerial mail service and he especially described the illuminated route through the middle states.

The Scholarship Club

President.....KATHERINE EVERETT
Vice-President.....AMELIA SANSOM
Secretary.....KENNETH HUDDLE
Treasurer.....MILLICENT SMITH
Editor.....EVELYN SHANER

The Scholarship Club is adhering strictly to its initial policy—the promotion of scholarship. The literary committee is writing a series of articles for the school paper which, it is hoped, will interest the students in this respect.

The work of the club is carried on by small group committees only one meeting being held monthly. At this meeting programs are given which are valuable both from social and educational standpoints.

Any student earning an E average in four full credit subjects and not less than G in any fifth subject, is awarded by the student body and thus becomes eligible for membership in the Scholarship Club. Since the organization of this club, more kite pins are seen in Franklin's halls than ever before. The club strives to stimulate the desire for more such awards.

The Literary Club

President.....ROBERT DEHUFF
Vice-President.....JOHN NEELY
Secretary.....ISABELL MURRAY
Treasurer.....GRACE DEHUFF
Sergeant-at-Arms.....ROBERT MUZZY
Editor.....GRETCHEN RINEHART

The Literary Club made its debut to Franklin activities this year, and, notwithstanding its being an entirely new club, it had a turnout of twenty-three students for the second meeting. Membership is limited to twenty-five.

Not less than a "G" average in English for the previous term, a desire for better appreciation of good literature, and an ambition to produce original compositions are required of would-be members.

With the aid of Miss Monroe, Miss Garrison, and Mr. Harrington, faculty advisers, the club aims to further good literature in Franklin.

The meetings are held the second and fourth Thursdays of every month. A program, consisting of readings, current events, original bits, and sometimes a song or two, provide both pleasure and profit.

MARGUERITE HOLLINGSWORTH
Sophomore President

MISS GROSHONG
Junior Adviser

ESTHER HART
Junior President

ALICE KAHLIN
Senior President

MISS YOUNG
Senior Adviser

MISS HERNER
Sophomore Adviser

RUBY HARVEY
Freshman President

MRS. WILSON
Freshman Adviser

Girls' League

Character, leadership, service and scholarship are the four ideals of the Girls' League. With the co-operation of the faculty advisers and with the excellent advice of our dean, Mrs. Wilson, the girls strive to develop these characteristics and to put forth their efforts in their work.

The money from the various sales and entertainments is used partly for philanthropic work and for the Girls' League scholarship fund which aids one girl each year to start in college.

Plans are being made for a Girls' League club house. Under the able direction of the financial manager, Clara Olsen, money is being raised for this worthy project. Steps will be taken immediately to purchase a lot and to arrange for the location of the house.

The League also promotes friendship among the girls of Franklin. This term a delightful Hallowe'en party was given. After a short program, exciting games were played. Before the close of the party, all the girls were well acquainted. Due to the success of this party the girls are looking forward with great anticipation to the next party which will be held near Thanksgiving.

The officers for this term are:

FRESHMAN

Faculty Adviser—Ella Ehmsen Wilson
President—Ruby Harvey
Vice-President—Rosie Struznik
Secretary—Genevieve Friedman
Treasurer—Dorothy Hatch
Sergeant-at-Arms—Drucilla Bennett

FRESHMAN COMMITTEE HEADS

Entertainment—Althea Moore
Finance—Rosie Struznik
Membership—Margaret Stevens
Publicity—Emma Ehmsen
Social Service—Marriene Hogener

SOPHOMORE

Faculty Adviser—Helen Herner
President—Marguerite Hollingsworth
Vice-President—Margaret Metcalf
Secretary—Charlotte Wooley
Treasurer—Adelaide Wehlitz
Sergeant-at-Arms—Viola V. Berkmoes

SOPHOMORE COMMITTEE HEADS

Entertainment ..... HARRIET KLUMPP
Finance ..... MARGARET METCALF
Membership ..... GRACE DEHUFF
Publicity ..... ELIZABETH HUNTER
Social Service ..... GRACE PADGETT

JUNIOR

Faculty Adviser ..... MYRTLE GROSHONG
President ..... ESTHER HART
Vice-President ..... ELAINE HENDERSON
Secretary ..... LOUISE BROWN
Treasurer ..... HELEN BLACK
Sergeant-at-Arms ..... ISABELL MURRAY

JUNIOR COMMITTEE HEADS

Entertainment ..... KATHERINE STEVENS
Finance ..... HOPE PERRY
Membership ..... MARTHA MAHON
Publicity ..... ELAINE HENDERSON
Social Service ..... MARGARET DOW

SENIOR

Faculty Adviser ..... AMY YOUNG
President ..... ALICE KAHLIN
Vice-President ..... STINA ROMMEL
Secretary ..... KATHERINE EVERETT
Treasurer ..... MAHALA KURTZ
Sergeant-at-Arms ..... MARTHA HILANDS

SENIOR COMMITTEE HEADS

Entertainment ..... LALOVE FRANKLIN
Finance ..... CLARA OLSEN
Membership ..... KATHERINE EDWARDS
Publicity ..... MAIA GUDMUNDSEN
Social Service ..... LUCIA MURRAY

Tennis Club

President.....GRACE VATH
Vice-President.....RALPH ELLE
Secretary.....KATHERINE EDWARDS
Treasurer.....ELOISE SCHADE
Sergeant-at-Arms.....DWIGHT DAUGHERTY
Editor.....FLORENCE BEALL
Faculty Adviser.....MISS CHURCHILL

The Tennis Club has been reorganized this term and has had a very successful season. The membership is limited to twenty-five players. It has accomplished a great deal in promoting interest among the students in tennis. The Fall Tennis Tournament attracted much attention, and because of its success, promises to be an annual event sponsored by the club. Those who played for the championship in girls' doubles were Grace Vath, Katherine Stevens and Janett Watts.

Hi-Ki-Ki

President.....RUTH ROSS
Vice-President.....CHARLOTTE FORS
Secretary-Treasurer.....MAPLE PATTERSON
Editor.....RUTH SCHAD

The Hi-Ki-Ki purposes to give the girls of Franklin High School an opportunity to enjoy the vast out-of-doors. Membership is not limited, and all girls are cordially invited to join any hike. The members go on frequent excursions—exploring the most beautiful places and far-away corners of Portland and vicinity. The first hike of this term was taken through St. Johns, ending at the docks. A potato roast furnished much glee. Other enjoyable trips are planned for the future. With Miss Neikirk as an able adviser, the hikes are not only interesting and amusing, but educational as well.

Sunshine, rain, or snow, the girls are always full of pep and happy. A hike is seldom postponed because of the stormy weather, for each atmospheric condition offers new adventures. Nature-loving girls are health-loving girls, and vice-versa.

The Camera Club

President.....FRED BOCKMAN
Vice-President.....HARRY VANDINE
Secretary.....HOPE PERRY
Treasurer.....VELMA MANNING
Editor.....WALLACE MCKENZIE

The Camera Club was organized this term with Miss Utley as adviser.

It intends to further the interest of photography in Franklin with the aid of the talks of several professional photographers.

One of the many trips of interest, that were taken for the purpose of obtaining views of some of the scenic spots near Portland, was to McClay Park. Fourteen members went.

The club is planning to establish a dark room as soon as there is enough money in the treasury.

At present there are thirty-three members in the club. All new members must be voted in. The business meetings are held once a month and all others are called by the president.

School Daze

The School Daze staff:

Editor.....ELIZABETH PRIDEAUX
Associate Editor.....FRANCES GILL
News Editor.....KENNETH HUDDLE
Literary Editor..... LUCILE ROWLEY
Features.....BETH SALWAY AND VELMA MANNING
Music.....LEONARD BARNETT
Society.....LALOVE FRANKLIN AND GRACE BONAWITZ
Sports.....PHILIP COGSWELL

REPORTERS

CLARA OLSEN, KATHERINE STEVENS, EVELYN REED, HAZEL WIGEN, NICK SCAVONE, RONALD BUFORD, JOE WARREN, DERYL ROYSE.

TYPISTS

CLARA RENWICK, ELDA STOLL, DERYL ROYSE.

Business Manager.....EMERY CAMPBELL
Assistant Business Manager.....DON KARBERG
Circulation Manager.....LAVELLE ALEXANDER
Assistant Circulation Manager.....FLORENCE TROTTER

The "School Daze" is Franklin's weekly newspaper.

The Illuminati

President.....OLIVER BROWN
Vice-President.....ROBERT DEHUFF
Secretary.....DONALD LAMB
Sergeant-at-Arms.....CECIL CATCHING
Editor.....RAYMOND EARL

This Franklin school club was organized during the fall term of 1922 with fourteen charter members, and with Robert H. Down, head of the department of history, as faculty adviser.

The purpose is a more serious one than is usually the case with high school organizations. It is not a mere social club. Neither is it purely interested in backing up high school activities, although it co-operates in every way with all school organizations. It is interested primarily in engendering a proper study spirit among its members. It is interested not only in the social welfare of Franklin, but also in politics and current problems. It seeks, as its name indicates, to enlighten its members concerning many problems of life.

The Cecropians

President.....MARTHA HILANDS
Vice-President.....LALOVE FRANKLIN
Secretary-Treasurer.....LOUISE BROWN
Editor.....ELIZABETH PRIDEAUX

The Cecropian Club, organized two terms ago, has accomplished many things. Its purpose is to act as a big-sister club for the first-term girls, helping them to get acquainted with Franklin students and activities and with high school life.

Twenty-five junior and senior girls who are especially selected because of their ability as big sisters, and the adviser, Mrs. Wilson, Dean of Girls, compose this club.

Regular meetings are held every two weeks on Monday.

A delightful "get together" party was given for the Freshmen at the home of Marguerite Hollingsworth on October 16. Another enjoyable party was given by Mrs. Wilson at her home November 14. The club is enjoying a very successful term and is looking forward to much in terms to come.

Commerce Club

President.....DESMOND ANDERSON
Vice-President.....GRACE BONAWITZ
Secretary.....PAULINE DILLON
Treasurer.....DERYL ROYSE
Editor.....FRANCES PARSHALL
Sergeant-at-Arms.....HELEN FORS
Advisers.....MR. WHITE AND MISS MCELVAIN

The Commerce Club aims to interest the students in business work and to aid the commerce department and the school in every way.

This purpose is realized in various ways. The Book Exchange is run each term for those who wish to buy second-hand books. Typing dues are collected each term to pay for repairs on the machines. The Business Digest is published successfully each term, also. The recently organized employment agency hopes to help every student who takes advantage of it to find work.

The club gave a successful dance in the gymnasium on October 16, of which oriental decorations were a novel feature.

Membership is limited to twenty-five.

The Leaders' Club

Captain.....DOROTHY MCLEAN
First Lieutenant.....JANET WATTS
Second Lieutenant.....MAHALA KURTZ
Corporal.....KATHERINE STEVENS
Editor.....LAVELLE ALEXANDER

The Leaders' Club of Franklin was organized this term in order to secure better co-operation among the leaders in the gymnasium work. It is sponsored by Mrs. Burke, gymnasium teacher for girls, and holds its meetings every Friday in the gym. All the leaders are eligible for membership, and when a new member is taken in she is given an arm band and a pin; however, if she does anything she should not do, she forfeits the arm band. To continue membership in the club, all members must have an average grade of G in all subjects.

A swimming party was held at Buckman school on October 24 which all the members attended. Furthermore, a surprise party was given Mrs. Burke on her birthday at her home.

Literatura
MAY LEITCH

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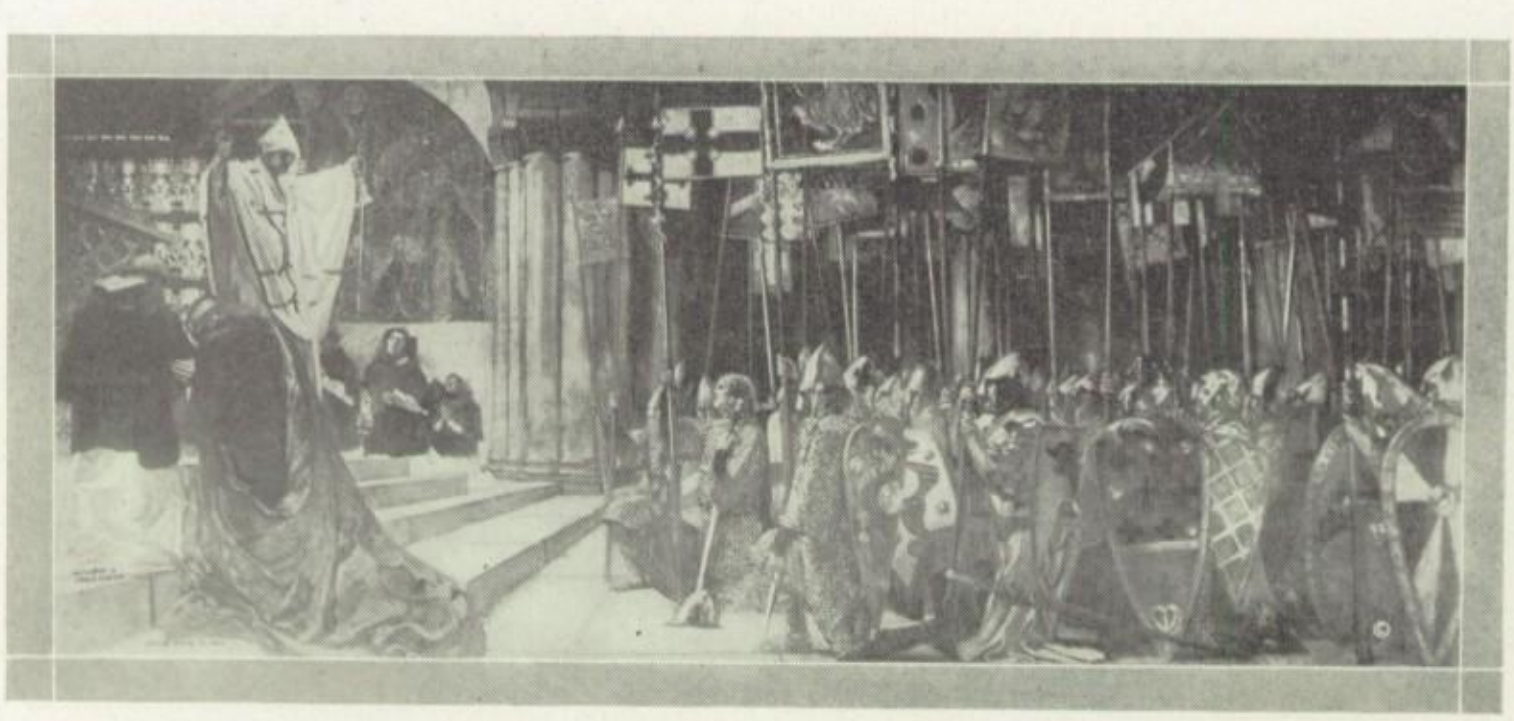
Chivalry

"Saw ye no more? I, Galahad, saw the Grail."

Have you ever sat and gazed at a painting, drawn to it somehow by an intangible force, yet seeing it not in detail? Have you ever felt that underneath all the richness of coloring, the finely-drawn lines, the beauty of grouping, lay something that was throbbing—potent with life? If so, you have seen with wide-open eyes Abbey's panels of the Holy Grail.



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"I, if I lose myself, I save myself." That is the symbolic theme of the panel in the Franklin High School Library, entitled "The Round Table," which was presented by the class of June 1920. There is power and great emotion dominant, for the whole scene is alive and trembling with a tensity of feeling. There is quiet dignity and majesty in the figure of King Arthur at the right; there is youthful humility in that of Galahad, purest of all knights, advancing to the "Seige Perilous" at the left. An awed and holy emotion seems to light up the countenances of all those present. The face of Joseph of Arimathea is not visible, but a wonderful and subtle power lies in the graceful sweep of his pale robes. Two more figures add charm to the scene, and it is interesting to note the difference of expression on the faces. The little silken-haired page is gazing on the scene with that habitual look of childish inquiry; the jester stares stupidly with a half-comprehending gaze. The whole panel is touched by an ethereal light of heavenly hosts, for in the background is an immense choir of angels encircling the vast space of the hall. The purity of the scene lies in the whiteness of their robes, relieved by the touch of gold in the halos behind their heads. Galahad's crimson robes are belted with the golden brown girdle woven for him by the pale nun, Sir Percival's sister.

The panel, "The Departure," which was presented by the January 1924 class, and which now hangs on the south wall of the library, is a contrast to the former; simplicity and peaceful mien are predominant in the quiet gathering in the cathedral. There is not the same dramatic emotion but a hidden appeal lies in the fact that the young knights are awaiting a blessing before starting their quest. Out of the rosy gloom stands the clear cut impressive figure of the bishop with arms extended in benediction. The shields and banners of the knights form a vivid splash of color in the quiet place of worship. Galahad alone kneels with his young head bared, his helmet before him on the ground. The attitude of all is symbolic of great preparation, for everyone sooner or later will come to taste the bitterness and the sweetness of the quest. It is a prelude to a campaign of struggle, of conflict in a great world.

"The Castle of the Maidens" is the title of the picture presented by the January 1925 class. Its dignity lies in the figure of Galahad, who, with his back turned to the spectators, is shyly receiving the tendered thanks of the many maidens who have been released through his efforts. Upon his shield we see the cross painted by Joseph with his blood,—the same cross as that borne upon the banner of Galahad in the cathedral scene. It is, perhaps, the loveliest of the three panels in delicate coloring and exquisite beauty. In it we find all that is gladsome, youthful, light, and free. The artist has brought out the

decorative quality by the garb of the maidens, who are resplendent in soft rose, pale turquoise, lilac, and brocade of golden weaving. Although deep character intonation is lacking, the picture is a delight to the eye, a miracle of achievement.

"The City of Sarras" was presented by the class of June 1925, and now hangs on the west wall of the library. It represents a spiritual city,—a haven of rest for Sir Galahad and his companions. In the foreground we behold in mooring the three ships that have borne the valiant warriors to the end of their quest. They seem quietly expressive of a journey's end. In the background the turrets and pinnacles of the divine city rise to the skies. There is a sense of something beautiful in life completed or a task accomplished. As we gaze on the central figure, Galahad's sword and shield hung at rest, one thought rises to our minds: "Well done!" "Life, like a dome of many-colored glass, stains the white radiance of Eternity."

Have not these graduating classes, in presenting the panels to our library, helped us to conceive four more great lessons in life? They have surrounded us with the most beautiful reproductions of mural paintings of the day, making our library the most attractive in the schools of Portland. We as Franklin students are most grateful for this gift and anticipate the completion of the series from the gifts of other classes. We too are "in quest of the Holy Grail."

—Jean Nesbitt.

Serenity of Night

Darkness falls; a quiet rests upon the land
And all is peace. Amid the tranquil stillness
The stars take up their nightly vigil,
When day is gone.

Serenity sweet! No care, no sorrow—all are
Put away with close of day. And life's sweetness
And truth, and promise, and love are realized.
When day is gone.

—Robert Dehuff.

The Living Dead

JOHN NEELEY

Gone is merry England of eight hundred years ago,
When Saxon met with Norman, each one a common foe;
They sped into the darkness; they vanished in the past,
Obscured by all the centuries that have come and gone so fast.

Gone are all the knights; their swords and armour rust;
Gone are all the castles, crumbled into dust;
Gone, all gone! ne'er to come back again,
But still they're living on in the heart of every man.

Gone is the good King Richard, and his crusaders too;
Gone like chaff before the winds; 'twas the wind of time that blew.
Gone are all the heroes that stood the acid test,
That chivalry might still live on. In peace they rest.

Gone in substance only, for in spirit they remain,
These ancient heroes of the past, to teach us moral gain;
To rebuke us for our faults; to shame us for our sin;
To prove to us the adage that the best man still will win.

Gone into ruins; but from these, so long decayed,
The musician found a melody, which into song he made;
The painter saw a color, most beautiful of hue;
He sat long at his easel, and a masterpiece he drew;
The poet felt the infinite and through his soul there spread,
The desire, by his poetry, to resurrect these dead.

The Joshua Tree

Imogene Johnston

A lone Joshua tree rose out of the gray-green blankness of the sagebrush flat. In the half light that comes just before dark it was outlined against the sky, like some bent old man with his skinny arms outflung, cursing the country in which he is doomed to stay forever. An awe-inspiring, terrible old man he was, but somehow pitiful, too, in his helpless rage. When the graying light had died away, one could still imagine him shaking his fists at the fate that caused him to remain there. Not a comfortable bed-fellow was he, but another old man had made camp at the foot of the Joshua tree's hill, an old man who was a counterpart of the other, tall and skinny, with that unquenchable gleam of eye that belongs to the desert man.

The old man was a desert rat, one of those patient searchers for gold who will not give up when all other searchers have moved on to more profitable grounds. They seem ageless, and people think of them only when they see them plodding into town leading the inevitable burro that seems as ageless as the master. Then sometimes they go out into the desert, and nobody misses them when they fail to return.

The old man was known as Daddy Blake, but it had not always been so. He was called Jim Blake when he had had a wife and home in a little midwestern town. But like so many of the young men of the time, he had been seized with the wanderlust when the tales of gold had come from the far west, and, with these other young men, he had followed the urge, only to find in the golden promise a chance that came to only a favored few. But the gold fever had got into his blood, and he stayed on, writing hopeful letters of the coming "lucky strike" until at last, when the lucky strike did not come, the letters stopped altogether. Jim Blake promised to write when his luck turned. But it never did and the years passed by until he was an old man with only the memory of those far-off times and his now infrequent promise to write to the "folks back home."

Daddy Blake and the Joshua tree were old friends, for Daddy Blake had a queer, kindred sympathy for the hopeless tree that amounted almost to affection. In a wordless, hardly conscious way, Daddy Blake felt himself in the same position as the Joshua tree, but he was upheld by his hope, while the Joshua tree had nothing.

In the ramshackle cabin that some gold enthusiast of earlier days had erected, Daddy Blake made camp. And there in the evening with the Joshua tree on his hill and the mouse-colored burro nibbling the

grass near by, the old man sat and thought. And inevitably, his thoughts turned to the little town in the middle west. In the mind's-eye of his memory he saw Rose, his wife, standing at the gate as he started away, both of them young and hopeful with the faith that God would be good to them. It had been months since he had thought of her and years since he had remembered his young hopes and ambitions, but there by the dying fire these memories came thronging back, as fresh as they had been thirty years before.

It was very late when Daddy Blake finally roused himself from his reverie, and got up before the fire, now black and cold. He went to the door to see if the burro had wandered off, and in the moonlight he saw the Joshua tree. The silvery radiance from the new moon softened the harsh outlines until the defiance of the Joshua tree had changed to a radiant hope, a promise. For a long time the old man stared at the tree, and when he finally turned back to the cabin a new gleam was in his eye, that of determination that was almost prophetic in its intensity.

The next morning, instead of moving on as he had intended doing, Daddy Blake remained where he was. The former owner who had built the cabin had dug a shaft back into the hill directly beneath the Joshua tree. So, early the next morning, Daddy Blake shouldered his tools and with his lantern, went back into the shaft. It had been untimbered; part of the walls had crumbled, almost filling the original tunnel. This debris he had first to clear away. It was hard work and unproductive, but he worked steadily, stopping only for the necessary food and rest. Finally he got back to the real ending of the tunnel. After this the work was necessarily slower. Every evening Daddy Blake would get out his rude assaying outfit and test pieces of ore, which he had taken from the tunnel during the day, for signs of the precious metal, and the determination in his eyes would be no less strong because of his failure. But finally, one evening the tests showed different. There was a distinct trace of gold—not rich, but apparent none the less. The next day he worked feverishly in the shaft, and in the evening the tests showed a gratifying richness. One day more he worked before he could feel sure of the richness of his find.

But at this final test the ore showed so rich that Daddy Blake, used as he was to tales of fabulously rich mines, could scarce believe the evidence of his own eyes. His eyes burned feverishly from his dust-gray face, and his hand shook uncontrollably as he handled the rich ore. Then the full meaning of his good fortune came to him. It meant home—and Rose. Hurriedly he got out pen and ink and a piece of wrapping paper—all the paper he had. He must write to Rose at once. His hands were stiff and unaccustomed to the use of

the pen, and it rested awkardly in his fingers, but with the look in his face of a glorious hope fulfilled, he began to write, his big fingers forming the letters slowly.

"Dear Rose:

I am coming home," he wrote and paused.

The sun had just dipped behind the hill and he watched the sky behind the Joshua tree slowly fade from vivid orange and red to the more somber colors of the night. And this time, in the Joshua tree's outflung arms there was not defiance, nor despair, nor even hope, but a wild, exultant triumph. Then as the last rays of the sun died away, for Daddy Blake came the sunset of life that had brought him sorrow and disappointment. But in the knowledge of his triumph he died happy.

And with these last rays of the sun the Joshua tree's roots which had clung tenaciously to the sparse, alkaline soil, slowly gave up their struggle of years and loosened their grasp. As they did so the great piece of land which the slender tentacles had been holding in check for so long, felt its grip on the hillside give way, and slowly, majestically, with the Joshua tree riding triumphantly on top, the whole hillside began its downward slide that was to cover the cabin, the mine, and the hopes of half a century.

As the sun came up next morning, what had been a peaceful hillside with a little cabin at the foot was now only a rumpled blanket of sod. But at the bottom of the slide, over the place where the mine had been, the Joshua tree still held its arms aloft, but this time it was in satirical glee at having cheated the Fates. For only he knew that beneath the slide, the mine was only a pocket in the hillside which a few more shovelfuls of ore would empty of its golden hope.

Her First Tardiness

MAPLE PATTERSON

She jumped out of bed like a frightened doe. Oh tragedy! her watch pointed sorrowfully to half past eight! She dressed in feverish haste and tumbled downstairs to the kitchen. Remembering that she hadn't a single lesson for the day, she dashed to the living-room for her books, but they were not there. They were in her room and thither she flew, a sob swelling her throat. In the kitchen again she tried to dish up some mush. Some of the hot oatmeal spattered her hand. Nervous tears rolled down her burning cheeks. Just then her mother came in, fresh and cool from the outside air. In surprise she gazed at her daughter, who sank weakly on the nearest chair. It was Saturday!

A Note of Enchantment

ROBERT MUZZEY

1.

From out a shell, from out the sea,
There came to me a melody,
One tiny voice, a memory
Imparted to my soul.
A memory in monotone
Of happy ages 'neath the foam;
The shells immortal dream of home
Out where the great waves roll.

2.

Faint echoes of the mighty sea,
Dark storms, power, raging majesty,
Fair calms, deep beauty, mystery,
Dwell in the tale it brings,
The booming surf, the ceaseless tide
Are there. The mermen's king, his bride,
And myriad fish forever glide
Within the song it sings.

In The Night

MARTHA MAHON

The moon, a guardian shepherd,
  Was herding her fleecy cloud sheep
In the pasture of dark blue heavens
  While the whole world lay asleep.
Stationed, like helpful watch-dogs,
  To see that none strayed afar,
Winking, blinking, and rocking on high,
  Hung each friendly little star.

And the wind played a wild, eerie tune
  On its harp of the trees and hills
Dropping from high piercing notes
  To weird little runs and trills.

And the moon like a guardian shepherd,
  Herded her fleecy cloud sheep
In a pasture of deep blue heavens
  While the whole world lay asleep.

Robin Hood, Junior

JOHN E. NEELEY

It was no longer the year of our Lord 1925 (although some of the less imaginative members of the neighborhood kept claiming it was). Without warning, the Preston Timber Tract had become the Sherwood Forest and the most inconspicuous of the neighborhood boys had become members of the daring Robin Hood's outlaw band. To them Preston community was no longer Preston community, but Nottingham. And Mr. Hipple, who is foremost among those of the community who roll their eyes upward and claim that the younger generation is doomed to fire and brimstone, was no longer Mr. Hipple, but instead, the sheriff of Nottingham. Everywhere arrows flew, emphasizing the vigilance and authority of the mighty Robin Hood.

"And to think that movies caused such outrages," groaned Mr. Hipple, as he rubbed an egg-like lump that was rapidly rising into prominence on the top of his bald pate. "If I live to be three times the president of the United States, I shall not consider my work done unless I see this craze, this fad, this vice that is tearing at the very vitals of our morals stamped out!"

"Oh, my dear," Mrs. Hipple started to sympathize, "you are so—" But further speech on her part was cut short as something came crashing through the window. It was an arrow and affixed to it was a scrap of paper on which were rudely drawn three lions, and below them, were written these words: "Ef yew be braiv cum and jowen ower gang—Robin Hood." After he had finished reading the note, Mr. Hipple grew purple in the face.

"I'll Robin Hood them," he cried furiously as he picked up his walking stick from the corner and sprang for the door. "No man or boy, by the eternal! can make a fool of me and get away with it."

"Do be careful, Herman," admonished Mrs. Hipple; "they mean no harm."

"Mean no harm!" roared the hapless, make-believe sheriff of Nottingham. "Mean no harm! First they try to break my head and now they break the front window of my house. Yet you can claim they mean no harm?" And he sprang out into the street just in time to see four boyish forms disappear into the woods across the street.

Just then Mr. Hipple was beyond reasoning. Into the woods and after them he sprinted, with agility surprising for a man of his age. Alas! Robin Hood had carefully fortified his sanctuary against such undesired invasion.

Mr. Hipple had proceeded hardly a hundred paces before he found himself pitching head foremost into the dust. With much

unprintable language, he picked himself up and called upon all the saints on the calendar to witness how he would punish the "brat" who had laid that rope there (for it was a rope stretched between two trees that had caused his sudden descent to earth). And the pursued—now let us see the pursued.

Crouching in the brush, four frightened boys, no longer outlaws, trembled with a premonition of what was to come. Indeed they had committed such crimes that they saw the very gallows.

"See what I told you?" whispered one of the felons hoarsely. "You ain't got the brains that a flea has got. First I make you Will Scarlet an' 'en I give you the magnominis honor of knowin' 'at you can shoot the arrow in the enemy's camp, an' you go an' break a window."

"Ditto," agreed another. "I knowed ye would break 'at winder ail'a time."

"No chips," a third chimed in.

"No chips!" The fourth was evidently becoming angry because of this censure. "Say! d'ye think that I—"

"Shut up!"

"My mouth ain't run on—"

"Listen, Will Scarlet, I'm not goin' to take none o' yer lip. If you've got the sense that God gave a brass monkey, keep still an' listen: You know that—"

But, there! to proceed further with their conversation at this point of the story would be to take the zest from its finish. Suffice it to say that they soon emerged from their refuge with a well formulated plan in their heads. No sooner had Mr. Hipple caught sight of them than he came charging across the space between them like an angry bull.

With a storm of words that would have shamed any common stable boy, Mr. Hipple awed the boys and for a moment bereft them of their speech.

"And you, Edward Joyson," he concluded, "I will see you hauled up before the juvenile court and put in the reform school!" But Eddy Joyson was equal to the occasion.

"Please, sir," he asked, "how can you blame me for what Robin Hood has did?"

"Did Robin Hood hit me on the head with an arrow?"

"He did it because he said that it was so shiny and made such a good target."

"Enough of that! Did this Robin Hood break my front window?"

"Yes."

"And stretch that infernal rope between those two trees, and thereby blame near cause me to break my neck?"

"Sure! and we can take you right to him."

"Go on, and, by the eternal! I shall punish him too."

With Eddy Joyson leading and the other boys with Mr .Hipple following, they pushed their way through the woods and came out on the other side, where stood a blacksmith shop. Leaning idly against the door was Pete Ugenstein, the blacksmith.

"That's him," Eddy cried, but in such a voice that Pete did not hear him.

"Whu—whu—who?" stammered Mr. Hipple.

"Robin Hood, of course."

"Yu—yu—you can tell him to be more careful after this." Mr. Hipple began to walk very rapidly for home, and once hidden among the trees he ran as though pursued by the devil himself.

Again his impetuosity proved to be his destruction. In such undue haste was he to reach his abode that he was again tripped by that fatal rope. With much more voluble and effective language than that used on either previous occasion, Mr. Hipple proceeded to cut up the rope with all the satisfaction he might have rendered himself by cutting up a mortal enemy.

"Hello, Pete," hailed the boys as they stopped before the blacksmith's door.

"Howdy," that six-footer replied. "Vot vas you poys a diding apoudt fife minutes one py?"

"Playin' Robin Hood."

"Roppin Hood, eh? So, you play phwat Douglas Pareflanks did done so vell?"

"Yeah!"

"And who pe dis Roppin Hood, eh?"

"Me!" Eddy Joyson stepped forward and thrust out his chest.

"Yeah? Vell, Ed, I tink, py goat, that you make von goot Roppin Hood."

Queen of The Night

CLARA RENNELLS

Proud Queen, serene, in silent majesty,
The Moon begins her triumph thro' the sky;
With misty fingers touching zephyr strings,
The song of night to all on earth she sings.

Fair Queen of Night! Forth from her cloudy throne
She floats, and sends her glorious streamers down.
Bright stars are shining thro' the black of night,
And come to meet her silv'ry sea of light.

How still she glides along her pathway pale!
Mysterious, shrouded by a starry veil,
She weaves a weird enchantment over all,
While to the world she sends a silent call.

Her light grows dim. Bold banners from the sun
Pursue her in retreat; her reign is done;
The fading morning star, last subject true,
Is sinking slowly in the morning's blue.

A Perfect Franklin

MAIA GUDMUNDSEN

One intelligent school board.
One good principal.
One sympathetic dean of girls.
Sixty efficient teachers.
Fifty upright council members.
An unlimited number of active school organizations.

Moisten these ingredients thoroughly with the milk of Human Kindness; flavor with Honesty, Wisdom, and Steadfastness, stirring in at the same time a large measure of School Spirit. Pour into the mold of Beautiful Franklin and let stand until firmly set, testing from time to time with the straw of Public Opinion.

If followed carefully this recipe cannot fail.

Best Wishes

CLARA RENNELLS

"Um—let's see—that collar for Fred's dog. He said he wanted one for Fido more than anything else. Here's the teething rings for baby Jean. And where's Jerry's present?" Vera was checking off her Christmas list. Jerry, the aged gardener, had always been on her list. "Here it is, a big pipe with a nice curly handle. There's cousin Marie's vanity set, and there's Grandma's shawl and nightcap."

"What did you get for Helen?" her mother inquired meekly.

"Oh, she's such a shark on psychology that I got her a book, 'How to Improve the Mind.' She's always pouring over some deep stuff. Now I hope she'll be satisfied."

"Did you remember Bob and Mrs. Harvey, dear? She's getting old, and I'm sure she'd appreciate some little gift from you," Vera's mother ventured.

"Well, for Bob I have a box of cigars, and I bought Mrs. Harvey a little morocco book with religious verses and mottoes in it. Now, last but not least, is Aunt Hannah. I got her a box of linen handkerchiefs. She always has colds." Vera's tone implied that she was glad Aunt Hannah was afflicted with something else beside a chronic grouch, anyway. "She's such a problem and so hard to please; always running down the younger generation! I suppose she'd be delighted with a bottle of smelling salts," with a wry face, "she's so hopelessly practical."

"Oh, my! It's four o'clock now, and I promised Miss Gray that I'd be over at the church to practice Christmas carols sharp at 4:15! Mother, will you wrap these presents and mail them for me? All right," as her mother nodded, "but I may have time to wrap them, so then you'll just have to mail them."

As mother and daughter left the room, young brother Jack stole in, his eyes shining mischievously. "Now's my chance to get even. She'll be sorry for hiding that candy!" Jack laughed roguishly. 'I'll mix her old presents for her and wrap 'em up. She'll be sore, all right."

Some hours later mother returned. "I must mail those presents. Why, they're all wrapped! Not very well, though. She's careless about those things, but then, she is giving them, not I." She gathered the untidy but innocent looking packages and hurried away.

Christmas day at last! Vera, with a feeling of relief, awaited the guests. Cousin Fred came. Horrors! In frisked Fido, wearing, on his front legs, those adorable teething rings, decorated with the shining letters "sweet baby" and "innocence." And there, cooing con-

tentedly, sat baby Jean, with a bronzed dog collar dangling about her tiny shoulders. Then came Grandma. Worse and more of it! She carried, somewhat gingerly, a curly handled pipe and a plug of tobacco. Aunt Hannah breezed in, brandishing the vanity set and with fire in her eye. And Jerry! Swathed in a woolly shawl and nightcap, he limped curiously about. Marie, the flapper, tripped in carrying under her arm the book, "How to Improve the Mind." In a corner, blushing and fumbling at the pages of a certain little morocco book, stood Bob.

"What shall I do? I thought Vera was a good girl. But I'm afraid her mother doesn't watch her and she's drifted with bad company." An undecided little woman, with silvery hair and trembling hands, held a box of cigars as though they were poison. "I suppose I must thank her, though."

Helen the studious, regarded with puzzled eyes, her present, a bottle of smelling salts. "What shall I say when I thank her?" was the question troubling her.

"Smelling salts? How did they get in?" Vera found her voice.

"Well, sis, I heard you say that Aunt Hannah would be delighted with—" began Jack.

"Never mind!" cut in Vera, "I think I see it all now," glaring at him.

"Allow me," said father, with a twinkle in his eye, stepping forward, "to return the compliments." With all due dignity, he presented her with a pair of suspenders.

Weak and dazed, Vera sank into the nearest chair, as they all chorused, "Best wishes to Vera!"

L'Arbre

KENNETH PORTER

The world was cold and bleak with snow;
  The sky was gray as stone,
But through this cold a tree did show,
  A fir tree partly grown.

A shout, a laugh, a merry song,
  Then up came children three;
The tree then fell, and axe blades rang,
  And then 'twas a Christmas tree.

Music

The Chorus

The chorus is composed of about thirty-five of the best talent in the music department. Mr. Walsh selects the members of this organization from the various glee clubs. Those who work diligently and show promise of developing a good voice are soon sorted out to sing in the chorus. All strive for this one distinction.

This chorus is well known. There have been many requests for it to sing at churches and entertainments. It sang two difficult selections at the All Oregon Exposition held in the City Auditorium this fall. The selections were "The Soldier's Chorus" from "Faust," and "When the Foeman Bares His Steel" from the "Pirates of Penzance." At present the chorus is diligently working on the choruses from the "Bohemian Girl," the opera to be given February 12.

The Boys' Glee Club

The Boys' Glee Club is one of the best Franklin has ever had. They sing well and several of the individual members have exceptionally good voices. Mr. Walsh plans to develop them for future soloists and leads for the operas.

The club has an enrollment of about forty members.

Music Department

The music department is even a greater success than it has been in past seasons because of its new quarters. The new music room is spacious and well lighted with doors opening directly on the rear of the stage in the new auditorium. This convenience makes possible many undertakings that were formerly impossible.

All the students of Franklin should be proud to have Mr. R. B. Walsh as director of music at Franklin. It was through his efforts that Franklin obtained a music concert series which are being given in our new auditorium during the 1925-26 season. This series is one that compares favorably with any series staged at the city auditorium. Six concerts, in all, are scheduled. The series is listed as follows: Lowell Patton and His Artists; The DeMarci Harp Ensemble; Evelyn Scotney, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York; The Portland String Quartet; "The Bohemian Girl," this year's opera given by the music department. The last concert will be announced later. All of Mr. Walsh's efforts in this undertaking were done for the purpose of bringing good music closer to the students and patrons of Franklin.

Some of the students who graduated from the music course at Franklin are continuing their work. Frank Alexander is the organist at the newest and largest theatre in Oregon. The theatre is situated in Eugene and Frank is now making that city his home. Cara Ash is in the Pacific University Glee Club. Paul Reader is singing solos with the Whitman College Glee Club. Many others are also making a name for themselves in the music field and we feel proud of them.

The Opera

"The Bohemian Girl," by Balfe, has been selected for the annual opera. This opera is more colorful and more pretentious than anything previously attempted by the music department. It contains many delightful melodies and arias. Work has already been started by the choruses, and rapid progress is being made. On account of the number of splendid voices in the department, Mr. Walsh has had difficulty in selecting the voices for the leading roles. As The Post goes to press, the leads are not definitely known.

We hope that this opera will be even more successful than have been the operas of past seasons, and we have every reason to believe that it will. Many seats have already been sold for the event. This fact proves that the work in previous operas has been a great drawing card.

The Inter-State Music Tournament

Two years ago, Pacific University instigated a high school music tournament which is now an annual affair. The various schools of Oregon, Washington and Idaho might compete in this tournament. The contestants were allowed to compete in all branches of music with suitable prizes offered to the winners. Franklin succeeded in winning more points than all the other schools put together. A big feature of this tournament was the manner in which our soloists won everything in sight. We give to Franklin our best wishes in hoping that they have such success in the years to come.

The Quartet

The quartet this year is composed of entirely new voices. Harold Arnold fills in as first tenor, Lloyd Conger sings second tenor, Donald Harris is the baritone, and Kenneth East holds up the bass end. This quartet made its debut of the season at the first musical assembly, held on October 27. They sang two numbers and received much applause. From all appearances they will rival last year's popular quartet, which was composed of Tom Badley, first tenor; Everett France, second tenor; Irven Ross, baritone, and Miller Nicholson, bass. At present the quartet is working hard for the purpose of winning first place at the Northwest High School Music Tournament to be held at Pacific University next spring.

Girls' Glee Clubs

There are three periods of Girls' Glee Club this term with a total enrollment of ninety-nine girls. Mr. Walsh instructs two classes and Alice Johnson Casebeer, the remaining class of thirty girls. The girls are also doing splendid work. Several of the underclassmen show exceedingly good talent and give promise of upholding Franklin's high standard in music.

The Harmony Class

Although there are only twelve students taking harmony at the present, this class is one of the important undertakings of the music department. The students are taught the art of composing music. Some delightful compositions have been made by some of the students. Last year Frank Alexander composed a pleasing gavotte. He also composed music for a pageant given last term. We expect to hear more from such students as Frank.

H. N. Stoudenmeyer
Band Instructor

Carl Denton
Orchestra
Instructor

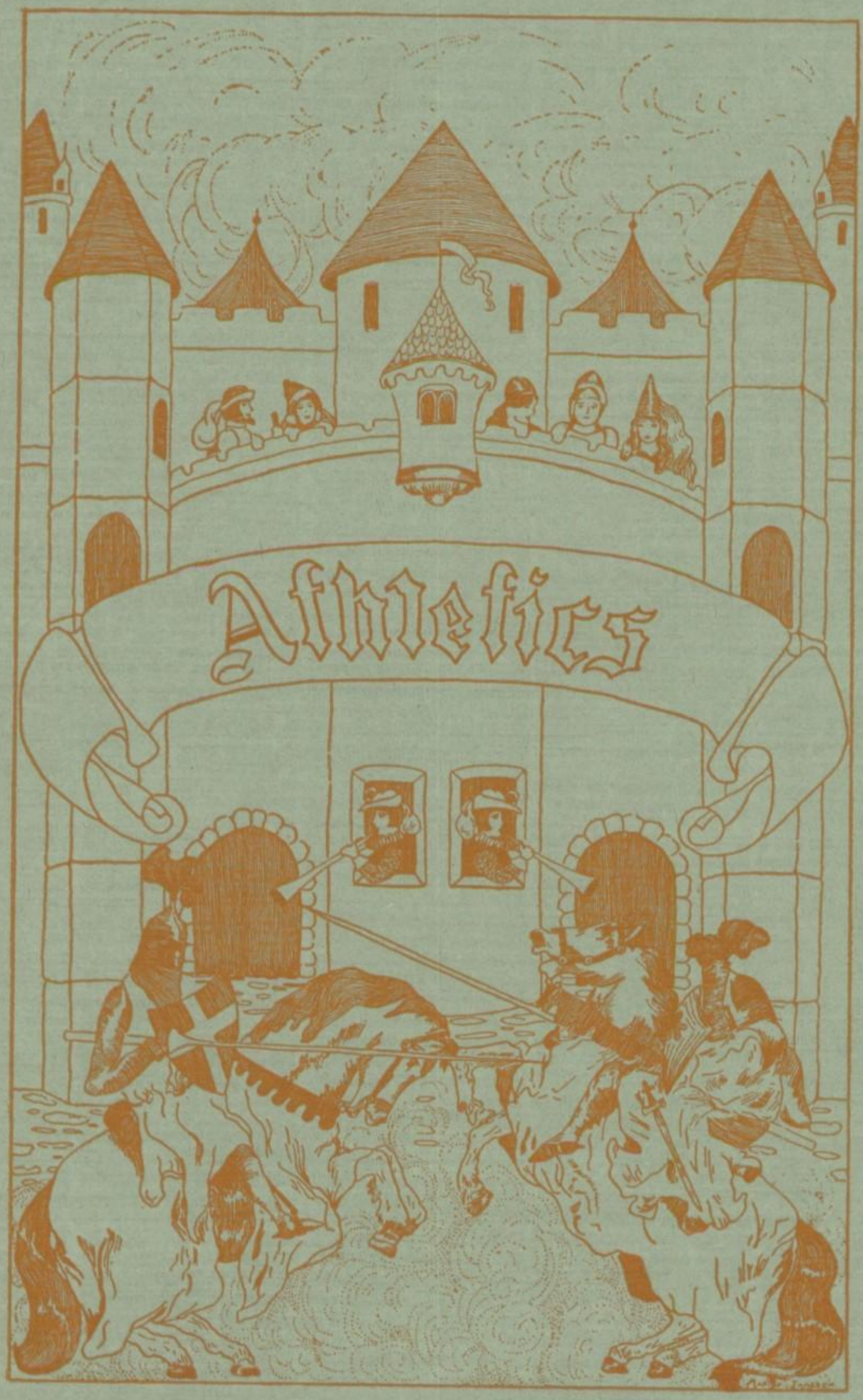
Robert Walsh
Head of the
Music
Department

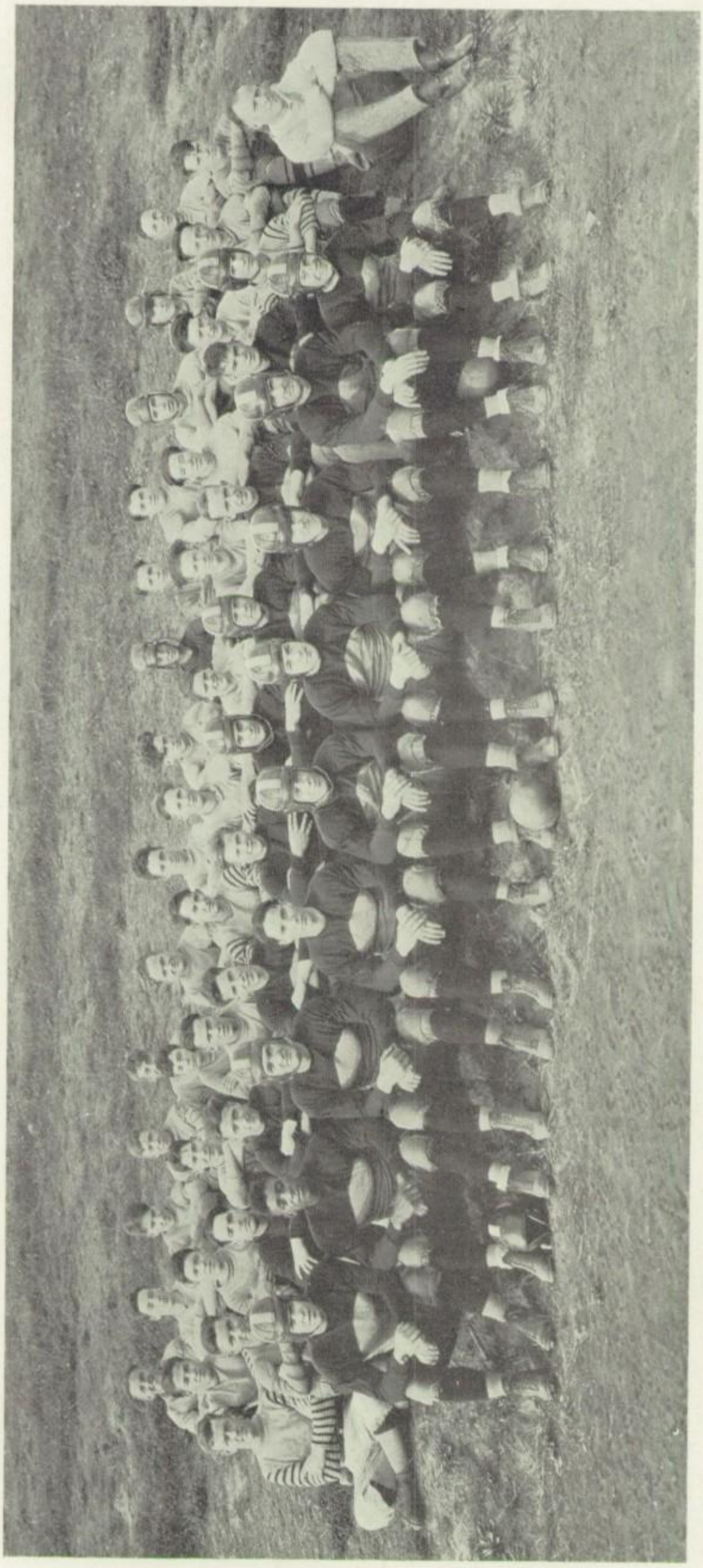
The Band

The band has been speaking for itself—at assemblies and at games. How it helps to arouse a spirit of loyalty and festivity on such occasions! The band was organized last term under the direction of Mr. H. N. Stoudenmeyer. It has a membership of eighteen. There are four trombones, three cornets, four saxaphones, one bass horn, one flute, three clarinets, and a base and snare drum in the band, which meets every Tuesday and Thursday.

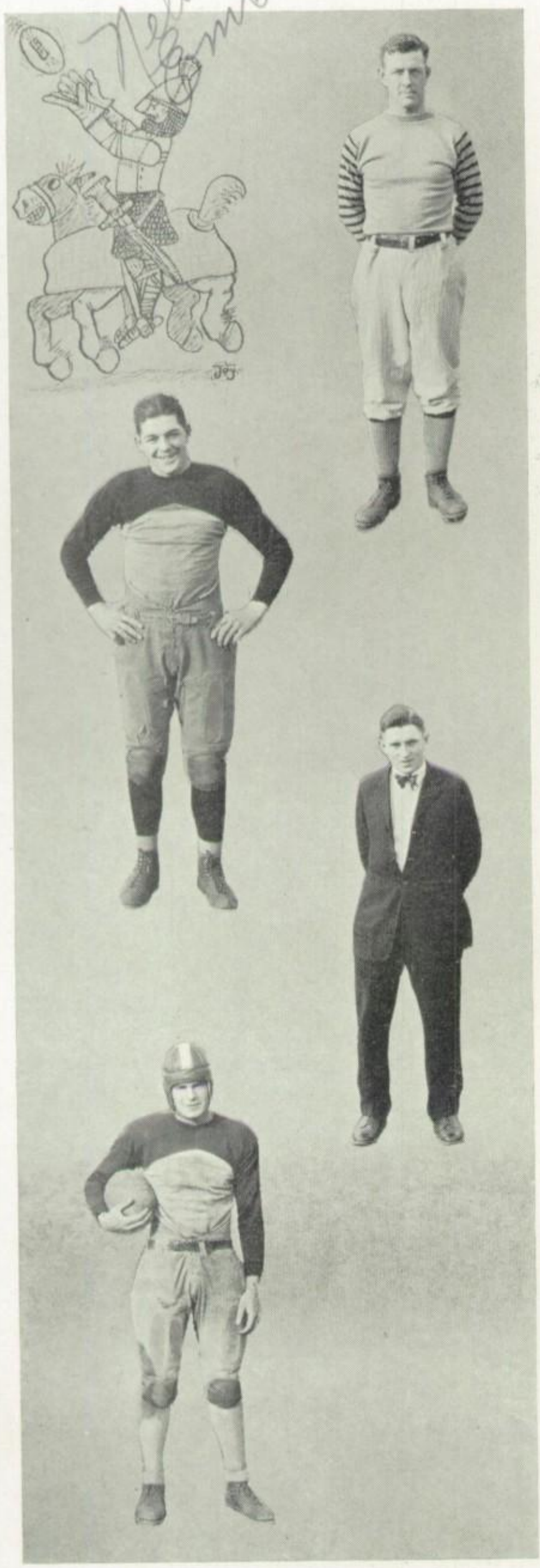
The Orchestra

The orchestra is under the direction of Mr. Carl Denton, for many years director of the Portland Symphony Orchestra. The orchestra is quite large. There are about twenty violins, three cornets, and two trombones. At the annual operas, the orchestra plays a big part in entertaining the crowds between acts.


Athletics



FOOTBALL SQUAD



COLTON MEEK—Coach

In Coach Meek there is every quality necessary in a successful coach. He has the admiration of every man on the squad as well as the student body and faculty. Coach Meek knows football and has a way of handling fellows so as to make them the hardest fighting team in the city. A fine fellow is Colton Meek.

CAPTAIN DESMOND ANDERSON—Guard

Dezzy proved to be one of the best captains Franklin has ever produced. A scrappy guard who plays the game with everything in him from start to finish is Anderson. He was always one of the first men down on punts and was in the middle of the scrap at all times. Desmond has another year of football and every coach will watch him and wish he was in his team.

MILTON HANSON—Manager

Managing a football team is a hard task, but Mike was always a cheerful, willing worker and everybody admits he was the premier manager of the school. He proved himself to be a truthful, loyal, conscientious worker and was always on the job.

LAURENCE KRETZMEIER—Halfback
Letterman

Football scribes about town admit that Kretz is one of the outstanding players in the league this season. A better triple threat man is not to be found.

LESLIE CHRISTENSEN—Fullback
Letterman

A hard-hitting offensive man and a brainy sure-tackling defensive man can win a place on the team any time. Christy is both of these and a little more.

VERN MILLER—Tackle
Letterman

This is Vern's second year on the varsity and he has developed into one of the best tackles in the city. Vern has lots of genuine Franklin fight and plays the game with all the fight he has.

RONALD MURRAY—Center
Letterman

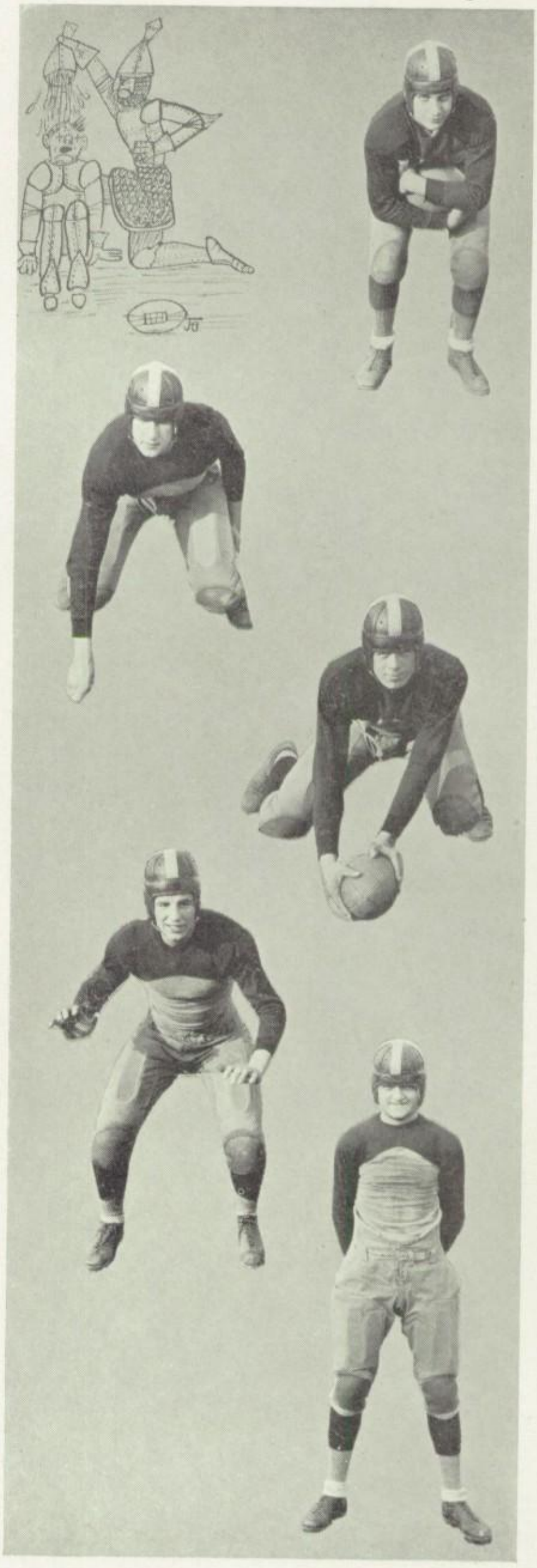
Ron is the fastest center in the league and specializes in intercepting passes. He is noted for his great tackling. Ron's ambition was to be in every play and he always realized his ambition.

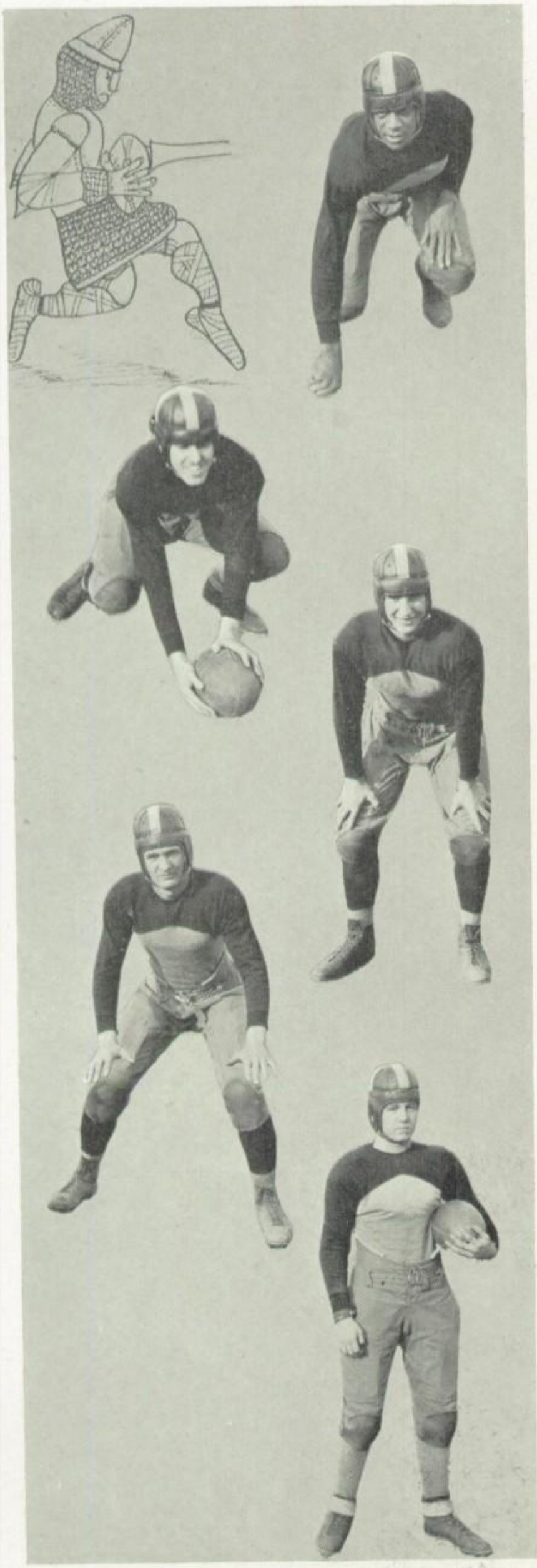
DONALD PRATT—Tackle
Letterman

Don was one of the most dependable men on the squad. This was his third year in football and he knew the game thoroughly. He could always be depended upon to do his part.

TENBROOK ELLIS—End

Hard fighting with the ability to snatch forward passes from the air was Ellis' playing. He smeared everything that came his way.





GUY HOMES—End
Letterman

Guy is reputed to be the hardest tackling end in the city. He has the good reputation of his brother to uphold, and Guy certainly upheld it. He was also on the receiving end of many passes.

HARRY VAN DINE—Guard
Letterman

Van was one of the most valuable men on the team at either guard or center, and could always be depended upon to strengthen the weak spot. The coach said he was the twelfth man on the team. He played in nearly every game.

CHARLES BOCKMAN—Guard
Captain-Elect

No man ever displayed more fight than Bill did this season. His ankle was badly sprained in a pre-season game with Hood River. He played each game with his injury taped and fought gamely on. He will be back next year.

CLARKE HENKLE—Tackle

After playing in the scrubs last year, Clarke was rewarded this year by winning a place on the first team. He is a consistant player and showed up to advantage in every game. He will also be eligible next year.

NEIL PAIRAN—Halfback

Although only a sophomore, Neil proved himself one of the finds of the season. He fought his way from the third team to the varsity in two seasons of play. He is a great open field runner and will surely strengthen the team next year.

EDWARD MYERS—Halfback

Eddie proved his value to the team in the Benson game. Always a fast, hard-hitting, scrappy player, he was able to step in and play a bang-up game at half. (Through the fault of no one Eddie's picture was not taken.)

FRED SEARS—Quarterback

Fred was converted from an end into a backfield man when Coach Meek observed his adaptness at blocking. He was the smallest player in the league but outplayed many of his larger opponents. He has two more years of football at Franklin.

HORACE COOPER—Tackle

Coop made good in his first year at Franklin turning out to be a very handy man. He has plenty of fight and the harder the going the better he likes it. He hails from Idaho, where men are men.

ROBERT DE HUFF—End

Bob is a hard worker who certainly deserved his place on the squad. He was a very dependable man and played a good game at all times. He will be back next year to guard one of the wings on the Quaker eleven.

IRVEN ROSS—Quarterback

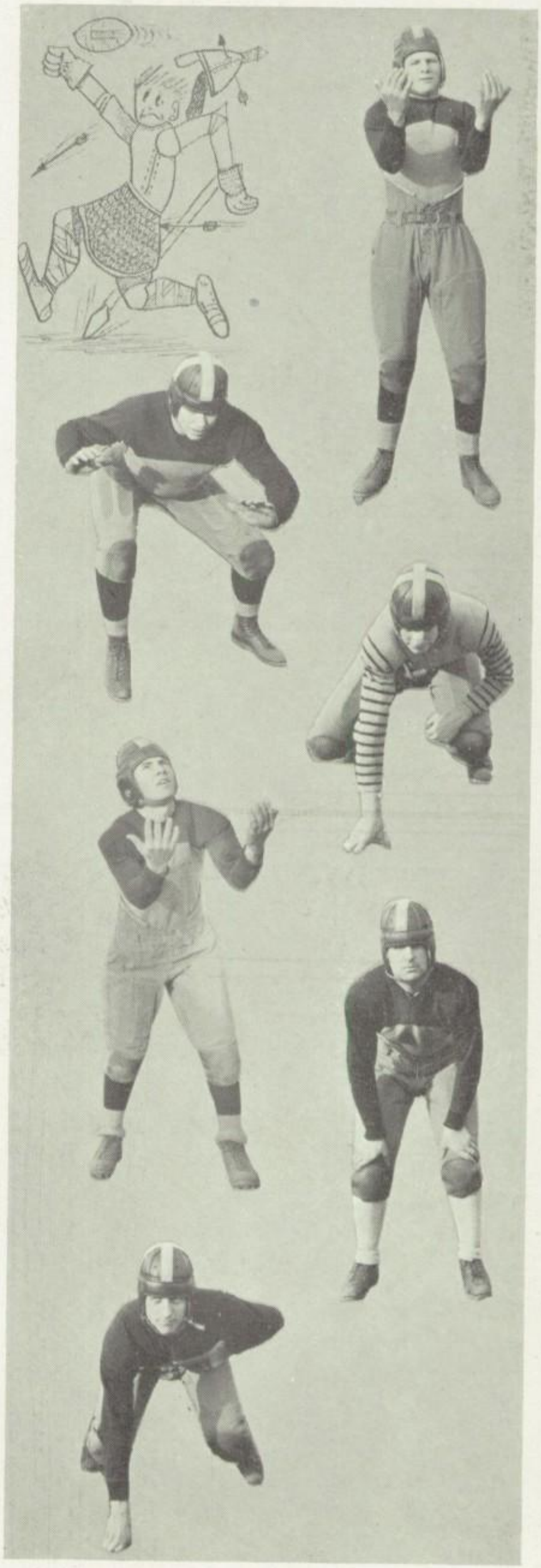
Another small man with lots of fight. He was handicapped by an early season injury but showed he was game by turning out every night for practice. A brainy quarter will be lost to Franklin when he graduates in January.

BILLY McCARTER—Backfield

A scrappy back who delighted in carrying the ball through the opposing line. He has three more years in school and many things are expected of him.

HAROLD ARNOLD—Guard

Arnold proved to be a worthy understudy to Anderson. He was especially good on defense and was always in the thick of the fray.



Football Season of 1925

Out of a turnout of about seventy-five candidates Coach Meek was confronted with the task of developing a team worthy of carrying the maroon and gray of Franklin through the Portland Interscholastic Football League. Only seven last year's lettermen were left and most of these men were substitutes last year. Around this small number of experienced players Coach Meek built up a team noted throughout the state for its wonderful fighting qualities.

Aided by Captain Anderson and Assistant Coach Carr the coach drilled his green material in fundamentals for the first two weeks of practice. During the next two weeks, practice games were held with schools near Portland. The strongest of these teams was Hood River which was defeated by the Quakers with a score of 17-0. The Alumni (Maroon F Club) fell before the fast improving Franklin team 13-0. Hill Military Academy was beaten 24-0, and Vancouver High was scrimmaged with no scores made by either side. Not a point was scored against the Quakers in the pre-season games while the wearers of the Maroon and Gray rolled up sixty-six points.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 6; FRANKLIN 0, COMMERCE 7

In their first league game the Quakers were slow in starting and the Stenogs scored a touchdown and completed their try for point in the first quarter. After this the Quakers outplayed their heavier opponents but could not score. Bill Bockman, Kretzmeier, and Christensen featured this contest by their brilliant playing.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 13; FRANKLIN 1, LINCOLN 0

Lincoln was forced to forfeit this game to Franklin because of using an ineligible player. Although regretting to accept this game in this manner there was no other course open to Principal Ball. In the game as it was played Lincoln won 13-0 on two lucky breaks.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22; FRANKLIN 0, WASHINGTON 13

After outplaying the heavy Colonials in the first period the Quakers weakened a little in the second quarter and Gabriel scored two field goals. Franklin came back strong in the second half and tore big holes in the Washington line. They were unable to score, however, and Washington slipped over a touchdown to add to our grief. Capt. Anderson and Ellis were the stars of the game.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29; FRANKLIN 0, JEFFERSON 0

In one of the big upsets of the season Franklin played the championship seeking Jefferson gridsters to a stand still and galloped off the field with a scoreless tie. Football critics around town had predicted that we would be beaten by twenty points but all dope was spilled. Ron Murray, Guy Holmes and Bockman played circles around their opponents and Kretzmeier's punting was a treat to the eyes.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6; FRANKLIN 0, BENSON 0

The scrappy Quakers outplayed Benson in every department of the game and had several chances to score but lacked the final punch to put it over. By every known method the ball was placed within the Mechanic's ten yard line no less than three times but each and every time something went wrong. The passing attack of the Maroon and Gray was the best seen in the league last year. Kretzmeier and Myers did most of the heaving and each received a few also. Cooper, Murray, and Capt. Anderson were the bright spots on the line. Ed Myers, in his first big game, played wonderful ball and deserved much praise for his work.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12; FRANKLIN 0, GRANT 7

Playing in a sea of mud the elevens of Franklin and Grant battled for three quarters and then for fourteen and one-half minutes, with neither team able to score. With thirty seconds to go the plunging backs of the Generals drove the ball over the Quaker goal line. Grant converted the try-for-point and the game ended with the Maroon and Gray on the wrong end of the score. Les Christensen and Guy Holmes played excellent ball as did Henkle.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17; FRANKLIN 6, ROOSEVELT 6

In the final contest of the season of 1925 the Franklin scoring machine started and until the last quarter it looked as if the Roughriders were doomed to defeat. However, a Roosevelt lineman recovered a fumble and raced sixty yeards for a touchdown. Kretzmeier scored Franklin's marker in the second quarter, going over on a line plunge after getting off to a forty yard run. This game marked the last appearance of Leslie Christensen, Guy Holmes, Donald Pratt, Ronald Murray, and Harry VanDine in a Franklin uniform as they are graduated in January. Vern Miller will be graduated in June so he will also be lost to next year's team.

WRESTLING

Desmond Anderson, who won second place in the national wrestling tournament at Stillwater, Oklahoma last year, will coach the wrestling team this year and will captain the team for the third time. "Dezzy" is recognized as one of the best amateur wrestlers in the country and is sure to make a success as a coach.

Captain Anderson, Gerold Van Dervlugt, city champion at 118 pounds, and Milton Hansen, three last year's lettermen, will be eligible for the team this year and the prospects for winning the city championship for the third year in succession are exceedingly bright.

Basketball

Prospects for another wonder team in basket-ball are fairly bright. The team has a hard row to hoe to repeat the performances of last year's team.

The team will certainly miss Clair Scallon, all-American forward, who graduates in January. Scallon was captain for two years and captained the all-state team. Dave Epps, forward, Ted Pope, guard, Maurice Douglass, guard, and Bob Foster, center, will all be missing when the team opens its season. These men will be hard to replace but Coach Meek has several men from last year's reserves to fill their positions.

Lettermen who are returning are Dick Lawrence, all-star center, Lawrence Kretzmeier, regular guard, and Stacy Potter. Around these three men the team will be built and with this foundation it is liable to once more win the city title and may go to Chicago again.

Baseball

Bright prospects for a winning baseball team this spring are ours. Most of the men from the last year's squad are back and are determined to win the championship for Franklin this year.

The men who will not return for the coming season will be sorely missed as they were among the best in the league. Two of them, Dave Epps and Melrose Pflaum, last year's captain, were all-stars and the leading batters of the league. Les Harrison, Earnie Edmeades, Ralph Hudson, Mel Riggs, and Morry Douglass are all splendid ball players.

The captain of the team this spring will be Vern Miller, outfielder, who is expected to make an all-star this year. Other last year's veterans who will return are: Calkins, catcher; Hall, Jackson, Cox and Hanson, infielders; and Potter, outfielder. A good pitcher is yet to be chosen.

Track

The number of men back from the "hard luck" track team of 1925 do not guarantee a championship team for 1926, but a survey of the other schools show none of them have letter material. Many new athletes will appear in Quaker uniform on the cinder track this spring, and much is expected of them.

Kretzmeier, Javier, Lavelle, Pairan, Sisson, Krumm, Dehuff, Worrell, and Huddle are back from last year. New men like Henkle, Neale, Rolfe, and Rankin are expected to step out and win more track victories for Franklin.

Colton Meek will coach the thinclads, and from past performances we know him to be the best track coach in the city.

Minor Sports

Practically every student in Franklin High School takes part in some form of athletics. Of course the four major sports and wrestling are the most popular but the others are also of interest to many. Sports for which minor letters are given include socker, tennis, golf, girls' basketball, and girls' gym leadership. Each one of these activities draws large numbers of students to the games, and Franklin is always near the top in the league in each.

Reserve Team

The reserve football men played the smaller high school teams near Portland. They also played the reserve teams of Jefferson, Lincoln, and Benson. Their greatest feat was holding of the powerful Jefferson reserve to a 6-0 score. The team was composed of: Easly, F. Bockman. Joe Manning, Bishop, Worrell, Brown, Watt, Strauss, Ceell, Woods, Schonbien, Gleason, Howek, Oger, Patterson, Bagley, Connely, Clark, and Gene Myers.

Winners of Coveted "F" In Football

Desmond Anderson (Second Award)
Charles Bockman
Leslie Christensen (Second Award)
Horace Cooper
Robert Dehuff
TenBrook Ellis
Milton Hanson (Manager)
Clarke Henkle
Guy Holmes (Second Award)
Vern Miller (Second Award)
Donald Murray (Second Award)
Edward Myers
Neil Pairan
Donald Pratt (Third Award)
Fred Sears
Harry VanDine (Second Award)
Lawrence Kretzmeier (Second Award)

Personnel of Football Team

Name	Position	No.	Where Born	Age	Wgt.	Height
Ronald D. Murray	Center	5	Portland	18	169	5 ft. 10 in.
Charles E. Bockman	Guard	8	Portland	19	150	5 ft. 8 in.
Desmond G. Anderson	Guard	4	Portland	19	140	5 ft. 8½ in.
W. Harry VanDine	Guard	18	New York	17	160	5 ft. 10½ in.
Vern C. Miller	Tackle	15	Portland	20	180	6 ft.
Clarke W. Henkle	Tackle	13	Washington	16	171	5 ft. 11 in.
Horace G. Cooper	Tackle	12	North Dakota	19	169	5 ft. 9 in.
Guy W. Holmes	End	6	Portland	20	160	5 ft. 10 in.
TenBrook P. Ellis	End	16	Indiana	19	165	5 ft. 11 in.
Robert C. Dehuff	End	7	Washington	16	148	5 ft. 8½ in.
Frederick F. Sears	Quarterback	17	Washington	18	130	5 ft. 6 in.
Irven N. Ross	Quarterback	2	Washington	19	130	5 ft. 5½ in.
Lawrence D. Kretzmeier	Halfback	3	Missouri	18	174	5 ft. 10½ in.
Neil Pairan	Halfback	14	Portland	17	145	5 ft. 6 in.
Edward Myers	Halfback	10	Portland	16	155	5 ft. 10 in.
Leslie R. Christensen	Fullback	9	Nebraska	19	140	5 ft. 6 in.
William McCarter	Fullback	1	Portland	19	150	5 ft. 6 in.
Harold K. Arnold	Guard		Portland	17	148	5 ft. 8 in.
Donald W. Pratt	Tackle	11	South Dakota	18	170	5 ft. 11 in.
George Curray	Halfback		Oregon	16	135	5 ft. 7 in.
Milton B. Hansen	Manager		North Dakota	19	140	5 ft. 7 in.

Jokes

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New Year

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Tabor 7236

It's easy enough to work hard,
If you're sure you can make your letter,
But the man that's no chub,
Is the man on the scrub,
Whose work makes the first team better.

M. L.

* * *

Mahalah Kurtz sure can run
And take it from me she is lots of fun.

Clair Scallon is such a pretty boy
A shrinking violet shy and coy.

Manford Watt takes the cake
He wears rubbers for his mother's sake.

Vern Miller surely is the limit
It rained in the bowl and he tried to swim in it.

For Ronald Murray we have only a suggestion
His business meetings are quite a congestion.

Clara Olsen has the pep
She'll lead some man a dog's life yet.

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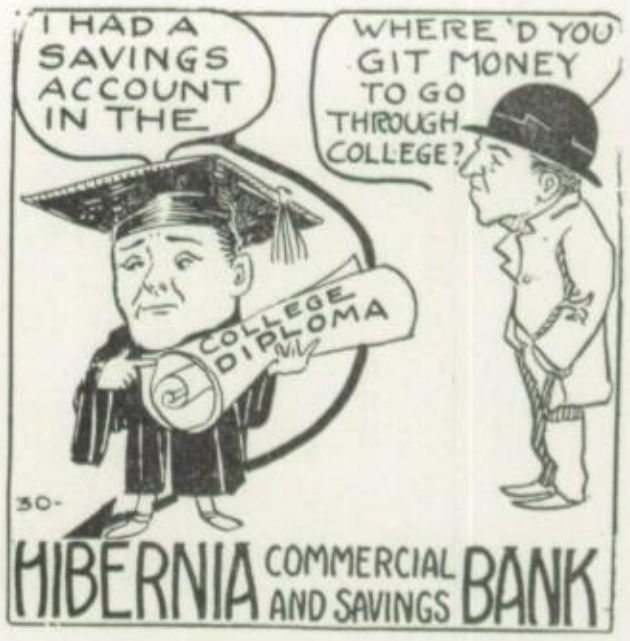
I HAD A SAVINGS ACCOUNT IN THE
WHERE 'D YOU GIT MONEY TO GO THROUGH COLLEGE?
COLLEGE DIPLOMA
30-
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Chimmey: "Wats de best wey to teach a girl to swim?"
Johnny: "Well, yer want ter take her gently by de hand, den lead her gently down to de water, and—
Chimmey: "Yeh, but it's me sister."
Johnny: "Oh push her off de dock."

* * *

English Teacher: "Did you enjoy 'The Passing of Arthur?' "
Student: "No, I liked the punting much more."

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A supreme example of absent-mindedness is the professor who held the egg and boiled the watch.

* * *

Shiek: "Are you the man who cut my hair last time?"
Barber: "It couldn't of been me. I've only been here a year."

* * *

"Did she marry him for love or money?"
"For love, of course; don't you know he's a teacher?"

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The credit of this to the girls is laid.

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In Mother Goose rhymes made her name.

Mary's little lamb is enough to make you snicker
But if you want to laugh look at Perle Stump's slicker.

Billie McCarter gets my goat
He thinks a punt is a small row boat.

Harold Arnold glances thru the history pages
And finds that Knights made the dark ages.

THE STEAMING CUP
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332 WASHINGTON STREET

Hobo: "Dis must be a collitch town—they ain't a cigar butt on the street."

* * *

Child (innocently): "Muther, how did dad bekum a professor at the universiti?"

Mother: "So you've begun to wonder,too, have you?"

* * *

"I'm leaving for Chicago tonight. I'm supposed to get married tomorrow."

"Where, in Chicago?"

"No, here in New York."

* * *

"It is my turn now," said the man as he darted into the revolving doors.

* * *

SIMPLI TERIBL

"Why do you weep?" I sed,
For tears wer in her ize;
She lukd up timidly,
Quite taken by surpris.
Then thro her faling tears,
A tender smil revealing,
She simply pointed to
The onyons she was peeling.

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"I ran across one of my old classmates this morning."
"What did you do with him?"
"Took him to the hospital."

* * *

Ned: "He plays a fair golf game, doesn't he?"
Ted: "Yes, if you watch him."

* * *

"Why don't you work? Hard work never killed any one!"
"You are wrong, lady. I lost both of my wives in that way."

* * *

"I can hardly stand to do this," said the college man as he looked through the keyhole.

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Jim calls his girl a third rail because she can't be touched.

* * *

Father: "I want to apprentice my boy to you."

Master Plumber: "Where is 'e?"

Father: "Well—er—he forgot his references and has gone back home for them."

Master Plumber: "Righto! I'll take 'im!"

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Teacher: "What's a pessimist?"

Very Bright Student: "A pessimist is a fellow who wears a belt, a pair of suspenders, and carries a couple of pins around with him."

* * *

Ho: "Why the loud sox?"

Hum: "To keep my feet awake."

* * *

Crawford: 'So you can't understand why your boy in college flunked in all the foreign languages?"

Crabshaw: "No; it's a mystery to me. He picked up all the college yells in no time."

* * *

Young Riff: "We're winning, aren't we, father?"

Father: "You never can tell, boy. This may turn out to be a terrible walloping for us when we get the European newspapers!"

* * *

First Pedestrian (to man who has just bumped into him): "Clumsy idiot!"

Second Ditto (with ready wit): "Glad to know you. Mine's Brown."

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"Mother," cried little Mary, as she rushed into the farmhouse they were visiting, "Johnny wants the listerine. He's just caught the cutest little black and white animal, and he thinks it's got haltosis."

* * *

Little Willie: "We had nine things I like for dinner."
Ditto Johnny: "What?"
Little Willie: "Hash!"

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Prosperous Crook: "My dear, we shall have to get rid of cook. She attracts too many policemen!"

* * *

Dad: "Stella, who sat on that newly painted bench in the garden?"

Stella: "Harold and I."

"Well, you must have ruined your clothes—both of you."

"Not both—only Harold's."

* * *

Senior (frantically): "Oh, Mr. Downs, I'm at the door of flunking."

Mr. Downs: "Don't worry, young lady; I'll pull you through."

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Visitor: "What did you take in college, my man?"

Prisoner: "Everything I got my hands on, ma'am. That's why I'm here."

* * *

In Japan earthquakes shake the population. In America a well known car does.

* * *

Adviser: "I'm getting some rare work from the Post editors."

Friend: "Rare?"

Adviser: "Yes, not well done."

* * *

Tourist: "To what do you attribute your great age?"

Oldest Inhabitant: "I don't know yet. There's several of them patent medicine companies bargaining with me."

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Teacher: "What happens to little girls that tell lies?"
Girl: "They get to ride for half fare."

* * *

He: "Why didn't you answer my letter?"
She: "I never received it."
He: "You didn't?"
She: "No, and besides I didn't like some of the things you said in it."

* * *

First Flea (on Post Toastie box): "What's your hurry?"
Second Flea: "Don't you see that sign: 'Tear along this edge'?"

* * *

Sam (to wife at show): "Mandy, tell dat niggah to take his arm away from aroun' yo waist."
Mandy: "Tell him yoself. He's a perfec' strangah to me."

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15

In Days of Old

Cannot you all remember the pleasure and amusement you experienced when you looked at the pictures in an old album? Such was the sensation of two Franklin students as they sat looking through some old memory books. Here are some of the remarks you might have heard had you been there:

"You have many interesting pictures in your book, but just wait till you see mine; for I have two pages of pictures of the faculty taken several years ago. After much coaxing on my part the faculty members allowed me to have made reproductions of the original pictures.

"Now here they are; all members of the present Franklin faculty. You guess and I will tell you if you are right.

"Yes, that is Mr. Dillon. You would know him anywhere. That picture was taken during his first year in college. He was then attending the University of Illinois. I asked him why he had the picture taken and he replied that like all egotistical boys he thought himself handsome. He wished to have sufficient evidence to prove it to the coming generation.

"No, you are wrong this time. That is our principal, Mr. Ball. You never would have guessed it, would you? The picture was taken while he was attending Tri-State College, Anglo, Indiana. He was one of the soloists in the opera called "The Little Tycoon." All of the cast had their picture taken for the college annual.

"Several of these pictures were taken for high school graduation. Miss Aileen Tounsend's and her sister Mary's pictures were taken when they graduated from Jefferson in 1915 and 1916, respectively; Miss Field's picture was taken when she graduated from Salem High School in 1911; Miss Paige's was taken in 1910 while she was attending St. Helen's Hall.

"Please don't be in such a rush. I can't talk or look that fast. Yes, that was Mr. Nave about fourteen years ago when he first came to Portland.

"I know you never would guess that one of Miss Richards. No, I don't know what she is doing up in the tree unless she is trying out Darwin's theory.

"The young man in the black suit is Mr. Melendy in 1895 during his first year of teaching.

"The girl with the lilies is Mrs. Thurston, Miss Blanche Taylor was her name then. She was sixteen at that time.

"The young man in the uniform is Mr. Harrington. No, he isn't wearing his grandfather's uniform. He was captain of his high school

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Ruth Wilson

cadets. He was a senior in East Boston High School at that time.

"The gentleman sitting on the log is Mr. Meek. The snap was taken in 1912 while he was attending U. of O.

"The little round photo is a picture of our Dean. She told me the picture wasn't taken for my benefit but for a certain young man by the name of Wilson.

"No, I didn't miss that little man in the white suit and hat. I was purposely saving him till the end because his picture has such an interesting story to relate. As a very young man Mr. Enna, after graduating from the University of Copenhagen, was sent to China by the Danish government as an interpreter. Later he was transferred to other government service. The photo was taken in Shanghai, China, where Mr. Enna spent ten years. He arrived in China in 1902 during the Boxer Rebellion. During his ten years in China he had some very exciting experiences.

"That is the end of my story. Some day I hope to add to this collection. I love to look at these pictures because each one tells its own story."

PLEDGING ANNOUNCED.—"Ima Laze Bum" announces the pledging of Dick Gentry, Arthur Gillard, Dick Laurance, and Ray Bristow.

* * *

History Teacher: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Student: "Let me see now, er—um, oh, yea! at the bottom, of course."

* * *

Small Boy: "Father, did Edison invent the first talking machine?"

Father: "No, my boy; the good Lord created the first talking machine. Edison just invented one of the kind you can shut off."

* * *

Mr. Parks: "Are you chewing gum?"

S. G.: "No! I'm Stanley Glarum."

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EAST 5445

Mr. Melendy: "Why are cars called 'she'?"

Clara O.: "Because they are always trying to run some one down."

* * *

"For vy did Ikey invite only married peoples?"

"It vas like dis. He figured that all the vedding presents vould be clear profits."

* * *

"Tell me truly, does the baby take after his father?"

"Yes, indeed; why, when we took the darling's bottle away he tried to creep down the cellar stairs."

* * *

"My, what a pretty village we are coming to, wasn't it?"

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Hay: "Got a new calf over at yer house, ain't cha, Si?"
Si: "No, thets only me son Sid, with his new saxyphone."

* * *

May: "Is he a nice boy?"
June: "Oh, no. He's a football player."

* * *

"What does he do for a living?"
"Nothing."
"Oh, a teacher."

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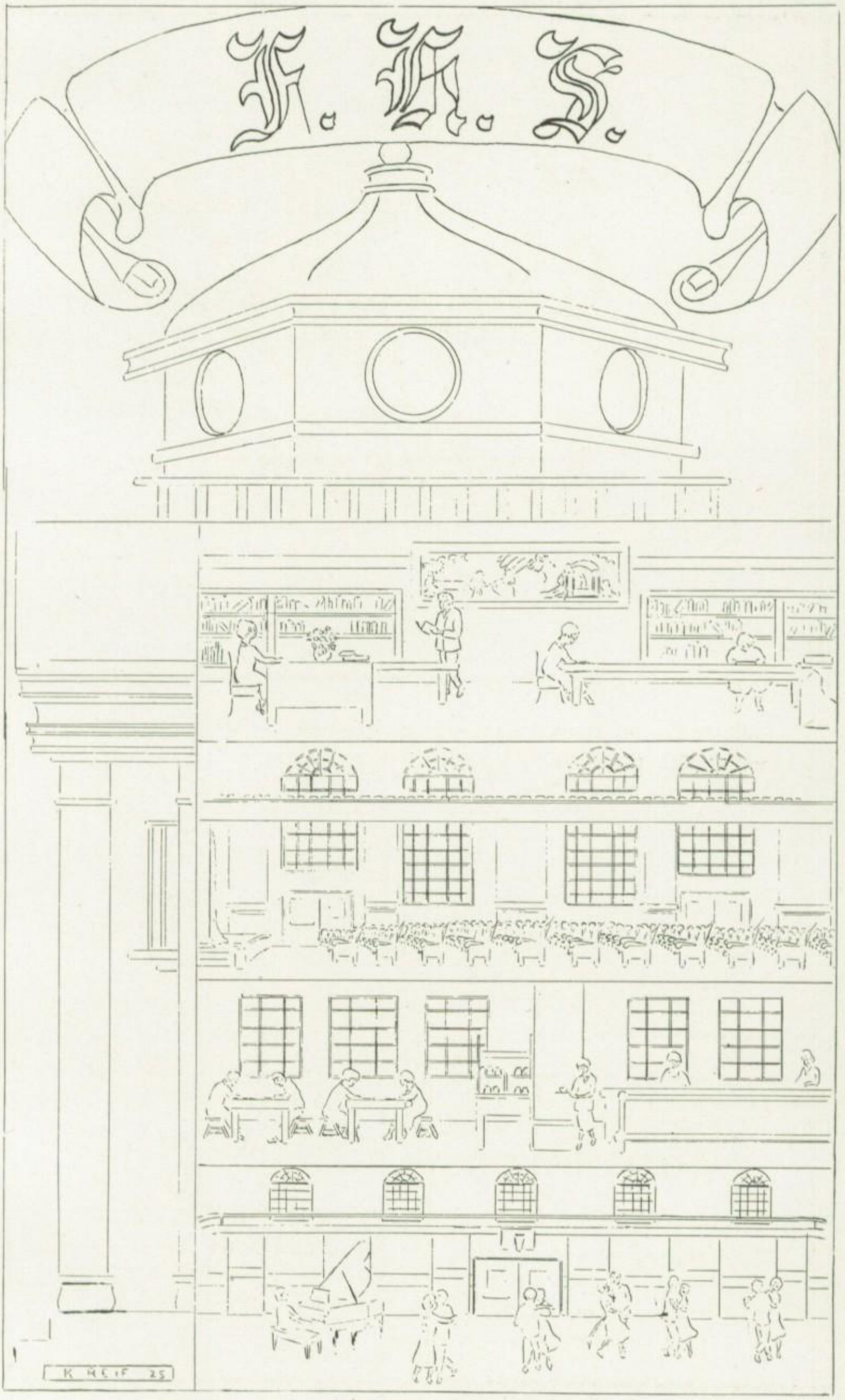
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Williams and Russell

Granada Theatre
78th and E. Glisan

Loomis Chaldean Theatre
Kenton

Clinton Theatre
26th and Clinton

Moreland Theatre
Milwaukie and Bybee

MULTNOMAH THEATRES

Teacher: "Lawrence, put your foot under your desk."
Lawrence: "I can't, my other foot is under the desk."

* * *

Proud Father: "I understand, son, your school now boasts of a glee club."
Son: No, sir; we don't boast of it."

* * *

Room Rep.: "Want to buy a Post?"
Student: "Say, do you think I'm building a house?"

* * *

Passenger: "——— and so you can't keep a good man down."
Seasick Passenger: "Same way with my meals."

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Grouch: "There is only one way to make aviation safe. Have some good lawyers prove that the law of gravitation is unconstitutional."

* * *

Stan G.: "Got some scratch paper?"
Don E.: "Yah! Why?"
Stan G.: "A spider bit me and the bite itches, so I thought I'd scratch it."

* * *

Teacher: "Who were the 'Four Horsemen'?"
Student: "Paul Revere, Barney Google, The Prince of Wales, and 'Abe' the junkman."

* * *

Doctor: "Do you play any musical instruments, or did you ever play any?"

Great Musician: "Oh yes, once there was a great storm and it flooded the town, and my dad sailed down the street on a table."

Doctor: "What does this relate to any musical notions?"

Great Musician: "Oh, yes, it does; I accompanied him on the piano."

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Don Pratt, you should have been a girl
With your laughing eyes and hair acurl.

Issie: "Oi, oi, Der vedding invidation says R. S. V. P. Vot dose dot mean?"

Jacob: "Ach such ignorance, dot means to bring Real Silver Vedding Presents."

* * *

Math. Teacher: "Fred, that is the fourth time you looked at Robert Mc Gi——— paper."

Fred C.: "I know, but Bob is an awful writer."

* * *

"Stop talking Ray Bris., the draft is terrible."

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With Mr. Harrington you'll get in dutch.

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In getting away from Dewhurst's glances.

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"Yes, sah. When de bullet passed me, and when Ah passed de bullet."

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Golf

Today I played the game of golf,
  The game called pasture pool;
The way I missed that little ball,
  Made me feel like a fool.

I teed my ball and hard did swing,
  It was an awful drive;
The ball went straight into the rough
  And hit a large bee-hive.

The day was warm, the crowd was large,
  And what a shot I made;
The way the grass and dirt did fly,
  They thought I used a spade.

Upon a knoll my ball did lie,
  And out my cleek I took;
My aim was very, very poor,
  The ball lit in the brook.

And next my mashie I did take,
  To get close to the hole;
I sliced the ball into the woods,
  And almost killed a mole.

After struggling long and hard,
  Upon the green I got;
I sunk a short and easy putt,
  And thought it quite a shot.

But when the game of golf was o'er,
  I counted up my score;
To my dismay I made sixty,
  Where par is thirty-four.

Now, after making such a score,
  From golf I'll always shirk;
I'll spend my time at home instead,
  And cross-word puzzles work.

—Raymond Earl.

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Policeman, with prisoner: "Your honor, this man was caught picking pockets at the circus."

His Honor: "Ten dollars fine."

Policeman: "Your honor, he has only five."

His Honor: "Turn him loose till he can get the rest."

* * *

Doorkeeper (to late-comer at a village concert): "No, madam, I dare not open the door during the singing. Half the audience would rush out."

* * *

Student: "Why do you editors call yourselves 'we'?"

Student Editor: "So the man who doesn't like the article will think that there are too many for him to lick."

* * *

Nervous Woman (to persistent beggar): "If I give you a piece of cake you'll never return, will you?"

Tramp: "Well, lady, you know your cake better than I do."

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Old Gent (who has just sat on a young man's hat): "Good gracious, what a start you gave me—I thought it was mine!"

* * *

First Student: "Working your way through college?"
Second Ditto: "No, dad is."

* * *

Sea Gull (to aeroplane following ship): "Hey, leave this ship alone, I'm working this territory!"

* * *

Teacher: "Were you looking at his sentences?"
Clair S.: "Oh, my, no! I was only looking to see if he had copied mine right."

* * *

Teacher: "Did you do your outside reading?"
Freshman: "Oh no, I couldn't. It was too cold."

* * *

"Have you hunted bear?"
"No, I usually wear a hunting outfit."

* * *

MANY THANKS.—Husband: "Are you the fellah that rescued her?"
Life Guard: "Yes—but that's all right, sir."
Husband: "All right, nothing. Where's her vanity case?"

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"Is Ray a musician?"
"No, he plays a sax."

* * *

"I went shooting yesterday."
"Get anything?"
"No. I lost five dollars."

* * *

"The time will come," shouted the lecturer, "when women will get men's wages."
"Yes," shouted a little man in the back seat, "next Saturday night."

* * *

MISSED HIS CHANCE.—Lady: "Why aren't you a successful business man?"
Tramp: "You see, lady, I wasted me time in school instead of selling newspapers."

* * *

Son: "Mother, who put the statue under the kitchen sink?"
Mother: "Sssh, sonny, don't say that. That's the plumber."

* * *

THE DIFFERENCE.—Visitor: "If your mother gave you a large and a small apple to divide with your brother, which apple would you give him?"
Johnny: "Do you mean my big brother or my little one?"

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First Mate on "Mayflower": "What's that boulder on shore?"
Skipper: "That's Plymouth Rock, where we're supposed to land."

* * *

Why doesn't the band play oftener at the games?"
"Why? Well just wait till you hear them play."

* * *

"Hello, Heinz—fishing?"
Nope; just teaching the worms how to swim."

* * *

Wife: "Just put this parcel under your arm, Lancelot."
Henpecked Husband: "Er—right or left arm, dear?"

* * *

Pete: "Ever get a kick out of life?"
Repeat: "Yah, I got kicked by a mule once."

* * *

Issie: "Oy Abe, mine little Rebeccea talks now, ant she aind vun year old yet."
Abe: "Truly Issie?"
Issie: "Oy yes. She gestures so nice mit her hands und arms."

* * *

Mother: "What are you going to give your brother for his birthday?"
Son: "Nothing; I'm not old enough."

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Minister: "My mission in life is to save young men."
High School Girl: "I wish you would save me one."

* * *

"Whar did yo get dat hat?"
"At de sto."
"How much was it?"
"Ah don't know. De sto-keeper wasn't dar."

* * *

There was a timid knock at the door.
"If you please, kind lady," the beggar said, "I've lost my right leg—"
"Well it isn't here," retorted the lady of the house, slamming the door.

* * *

Black Hand Letter: "Send us $1,000 or we will kidnap your wife."
Reply: "Haven't got $1,000, but am greatly interested in your proposition."

* * *

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet,
I like bananas.

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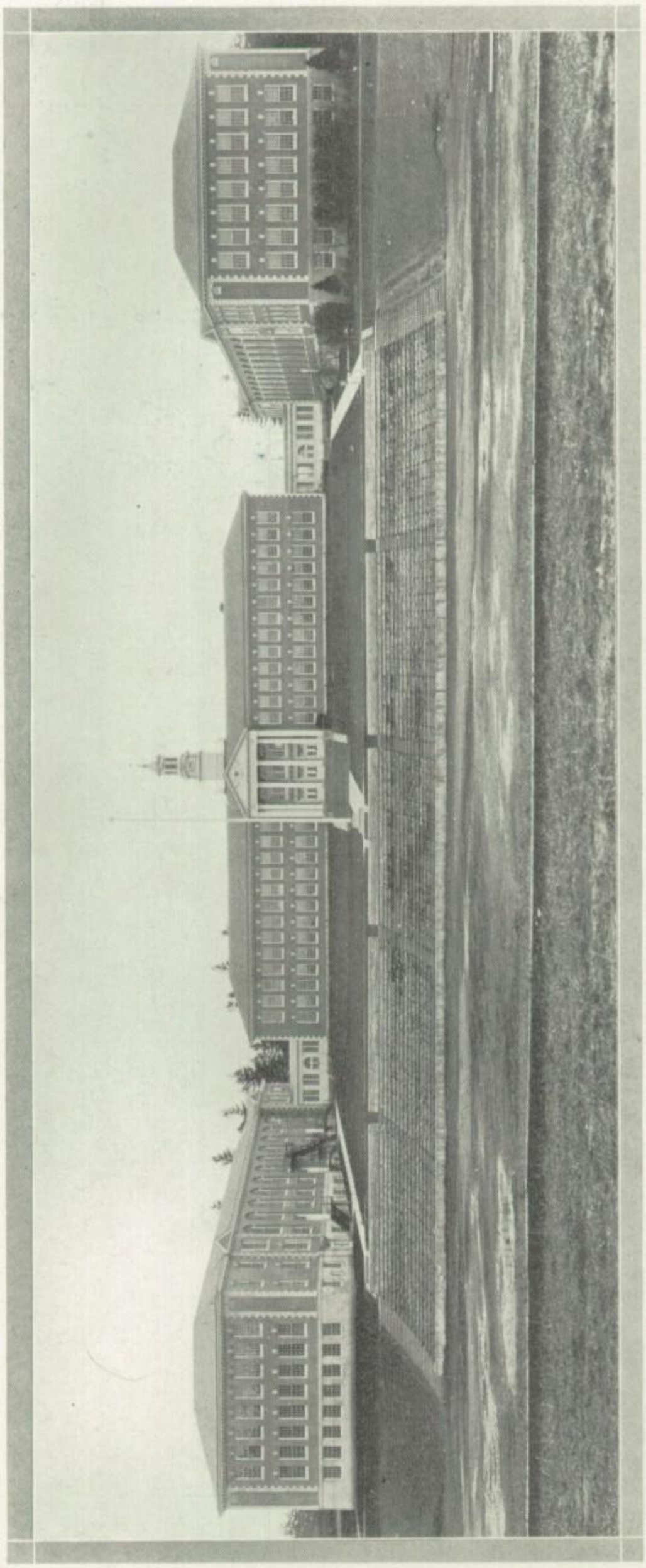

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